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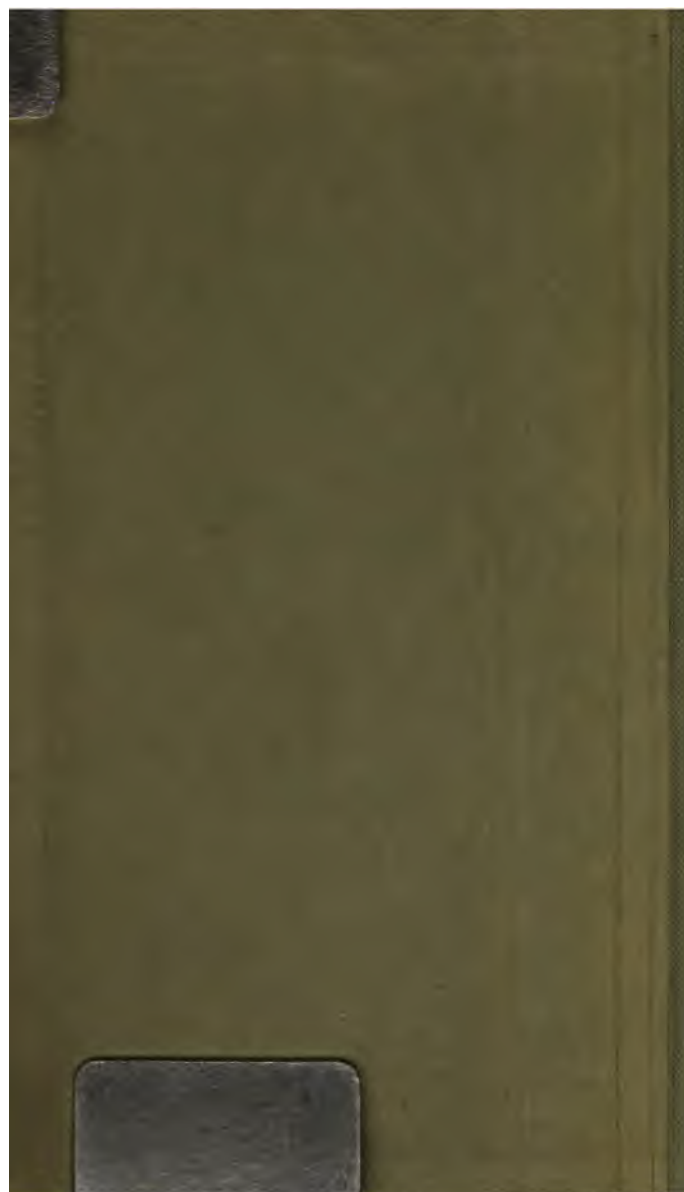
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BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LVIII.

FALCONER. DAY. BLAIR. GLYNN. PORTEUS.



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THE
POEMS

OF

FALCONER,
DAY,
BLAIR,



GLYNN,
AND
PORTEUS.



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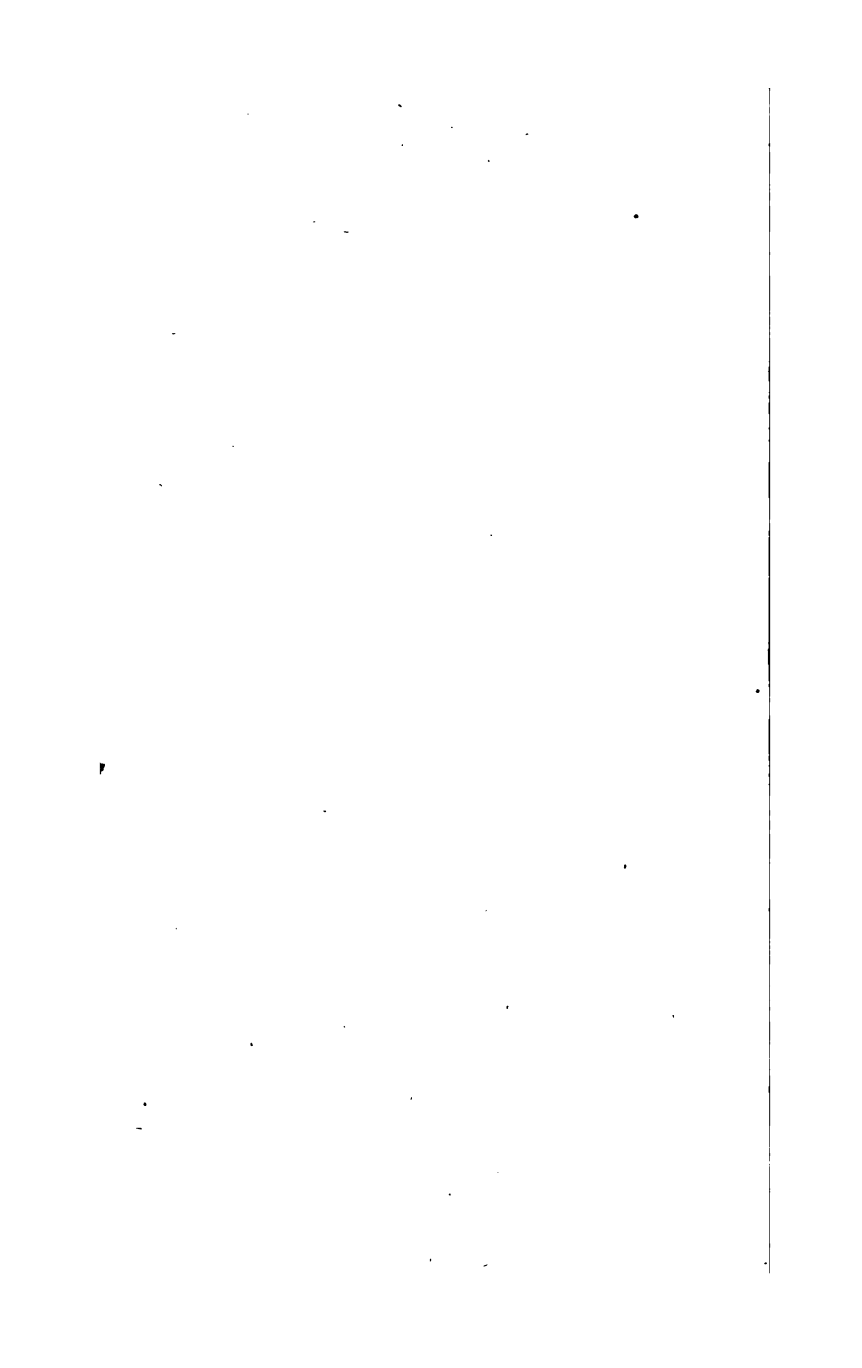
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THE
POEMS
OF
William Falconer.



THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM FALCONER.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

WILLIAM FALCONER, the poet and the victim of the waves, was born at Edinburgh, about the year 1730. He was the son of a poor but industrious barber, who is said to have borne a mental resemblance to the character of Partridge, so admirably drawn by Fielding. It is a singular circumstance that all the children, except the poet, were either deaf or dumb. His education appears to have been of that humble kind which is bestowed upon the sons of persons in the labouring classes of society. It probably did not extend beyond reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic. There seems, nevertheless, to have been a moment when the youthful Falconer was flattered with the hope of attaining higher acquirements; or had even made some small progress in their attainment; for, in the Shipwreck, he tells us that,

“ On him fair Science dawned in happier hour,
Awaking into bloom young Fancy’s flower :
But soon Adversity, with freezing blast,
The blossom withered, and the dawn o’ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea.”

The last line plainly intimates that a maritime life was not his choice, and it is, indeed, unlikely that a youth possessed of feeling and fancy would volun-

tarily have become the companion of men among whose good qualities refinement is not generally to be reckoned. To such a life, however, Falconer was destined. At an early age, he served his apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel, belonging to Leith. To Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes*, who was the purser of a ship, and was a man not wholly without talent, he was afterwards a servant. Campbell is said to have felt a pleasure in improving the mind of the young seaman; and, at a subsequent period, to have boasted, with a natural and honest pride, that the poet had been his scholar. It is probable that he encouraged in Falconer a taste for reading; a taste for the indulgence of which, at sea, opportunities are not wanting to those who are desirous of finding them. The evidence which is furnished by the works of Falconer leaves no doubt that he diligently availed himself of such opportunities.

To trace correctly the progress of Falconer, from the time when his apprenticeship terminated to that in which he appeared before the world as the author of the *Shipwreck*, is now impracticable. The supposition of all his biographers, that the whole of this part of his life was spent in the merchants' service, is, however, contradicted by his own explicit declarations, in the introductory lines to the *Shipwreck*, and again in *The Demagogue*. In the introductory lines, after mentioning the various realms which he had visited, he enumerates the severe toils which he had undergone, and states, among them, that he had been present

“ — where, all-dreadful in the’ embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join.”

In the *Demagogue* he speaks on this subject with even more plainness, since he clearly points out the administration of Mr. Pitt as the epoch at which he

encountered danger in his country's cause. Expositulating with the object of his satire, he exclaims,

“ How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd.”

I am disposed to believe that he continued in the merchants' service till the breaking out of the war with France. It was probably about the year 1749 or 1750, for he himself declares he had not seen “ twice ten summers,” that, being then third mate of a merchant vessel, he was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in his voyage from Alexandria to Venice; an event which gave rise to the poem that will immortalize his name. At least as early as 1758, he appears to have been in the king's service; and it is most likely that it was during this period that he acted as servant to, and conciliated the friendship of, the author of *Lexiphanes*.

In 1751, when he was only twenty, he first came forward as a candidate for poetical reputation, by publishing, at Edinburgh, a poem on the death of Frederic, Prince of Wales. This effusion does not appear to have been productive of any benefit to him. Several years elapsed during which he did not avowedly appear as an author. He seems, however, to have been cultivating his genius, and pre-luding, by short excursions, to a bolder flight. His biographer, Mr. Clarke, attributes to him, on internal evidence, two poems in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756 and 1759; and, on the positive testimony of Lieutenant Hunter, another, which was inserted in the same magazine for August, 1758. The latter poem bears the title of “ A sea-chaplain's petition to the lieutenants in the Ward-room, for the use of the Quarter-gallery.” It is in the style of the indelicate pieces of Swift, and, therefore, as it can please

only those who have "an unnatural delight in objects physically impure," it is excluded from this collection. Yet it does less discredit to Falconer's talent than to his delicacy; for it shows him to have possessed humour, though of a vulgar kind, and it is written with an ease which implies practice in the construction of verse. To this period Mr. Clarke also assigns a ludicrous little poem, entitled *The Midshipman*. It could not have been written before 1758, for it alludes to Dodsley's tragedy of *Cleone*, which was not published till that year. That three out of four of these poems have a reference to men of war, may, perhaps, be considered as furnishing collateral proof that Falconer was then serving on board of a king's ship. In addition to these pieces, there are two others, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January and April, 1759, which may, I think, be ascribed to his pen. These are "Stanzas to Mrs. Anna Maria Patrick," and "The last Will and Testament of a British Tar." The first four lines of the Stanzas bear a resemblance, almost too close to be casual, to four lines in the poem of *The Midshipman*.

At length the time arrived when he was to emerge from that obscurity in which he had hitherto existed. *The Shipwreck* was published in May, 1762, and it immediately raised him into literary fame. It was warmly applauded by the monthly censors of literature, and, though the price of it was high, was extensively read. Contrary, however, to the expectation of Falconer, a vast majority of its admirers were persons unconnected with naval pursuits, and ignorant of naval language. The poem was dedicated to the Duke of York, then a rear-admiral of the blue, who had taste enough to be charmed with its beauties, and benevolence enough to be desirous of ameliorating the situation of its author. Before the close of the summer, therefore, Falconer was rated

as a midshipman on board the Royal George, which was the flag-ship of Sir Edward Hawke.

As a testimony of gratitude, Falconer, on the departure of his patron to command in the Mediterranean, addressed to him an Ode, in the composition of which he is said to have had in view Dryden's magnificent Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. It was composed, we are told, "during an occasional absence from his messmates, when he retired into a small space formed between the cable tiers and the ship's side." A criticism upon it, meant perhaps as praise, and erroneously attributed to Falconer himself, appeared in the Critical Review. Those who delight in enigmas may amuse themselves by endeavouring to extract from this criticism a definite meaning.

The peace, which speedily ensued, deprived him of all opportunity of distinguishing himself by acts of bravery. Of the requisite time of service, to enable him to be examined for a lieutenancy, he wanted much; and his friends, therefore, prudently advised him to quit the military for the civil department of the navy. He listened to their advice, and, in 1763, was appointed purser of the Glory frigate. Probably supposing himself to be now in the high road to competency, if not to fortune, he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. He has celebrated her in the ballad of The Fond Lover, and the Address to Miranda, and his praises were deserved by their object. The marriage was a happy one. The lady was not eminently beautiful, but she was a woman of feeling and intellect, and she made an excellent wife. By her unslackening attention the shafts which adversity aimed at her husband, though they could not be repelled, were at least blunted. Human life has no earthly balm for sorrow which can at all rival the watchful tenderness of a devoted female.

It does not appear that Falconer derived much

pecuniary benefit from his situation. The *Glory* was laid up in ordinary at Chatham; and Commissioner Hanway, who respected his talents, then ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up with a stove, and made as comfortable as possible, that Falconer might follow his favourite pursuits without molestation or expense. Here, for a while, his time was fully employed in literary labours. His *Universal Dictionary of the Marine*, a work on which he had long been occupied, was completed in this congenial retreat, though it was not published till 1769. It acquired a high reputation; which it retains undiminished, and which it merits for the clearness and copiousness of the knowledge that it imparts.

In 1764 he published, in octavo, a new edition of the *Shipwreck*. The poem was revised throughout, and large additions were made, to render it more connected and regular. Among the additional parts were the address to Memory, the description of the ship losing sight of land, and the occasional elegy.

Stimulated probably no less by resentment of the scurrilities poured upon his country than by gratitude to his courtly friends, he gave to the press, in 1765, *The Demagogue*, a satire upon Lord Chatham, Wilkes, and Churchill; which, by some inexplicable mistake, Mr. Clarke declares to have been intended as an antidote to the *Rosciad*. It appeared in quarto, under the assumed name of Theophilus Thorn, Esq. and seems to have excited but little attention. The feeble and pointless shaft fell silently to the ground. It was sufficiently virulent, but Churchill, notwithstanding all his occasional haste and negligence, had taught the readers of satire to expect something more than mere virulence. Nor had the great body of the nation yet forgotten how much of its recent glory it owed to the slumberless vigilance, the daring spirit, and the wise counsels of Lord Chatham.

The period at which Falconer quitted the *Glory*

is not known. In 1767, however, he was appointed to the Warspight; an appointment which was evidently barren of profit. His hopes were darkened in that year, by the loss of his patron, the Duke of York, who died at Monaco. After having left the Glory he is said to have taken up his residence in a garret in the metropolis. Such an abode implies a degree of poverty to which it is painful to contemplate his being exposed. Cheered by his wife, and occasionally assisted by his friends, he nevertheless kept his spirits unbroken, and, in this emergency, is believed to have had recourse to literature for a part of the means of subsistence. What his literary labours were it would be in vain to inquire. They were probably of that obscure kind to which men of genius are frequently compelled to submit, and which are seldom owned, because they are fastidiously supposed to be in some measure degrading. Mr. Clarke asserts, that Falconer gained a small pittance by writing in the Critical Review, an assertion which Mr. Chalmers contradicts, on what he considers to be indisputable authority. The authority on which Mr. Chalmers relies may be a good one; but the language which he himself uses can scarcely be visited by too much severity of censure. "Falconer," says he, "was long a welcome guest at the liberal table of Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor of the Critical Review, and was always an inmate in his family, but he never discovered talents which could induce Mr. Hamilton to require his aid as a critic." It may not be amiss to ask by what miracle Mr. Hamilton became competent to sit in judgment on the talents of the author of the Shipwreck; and it may be remarked also, that if, which is highly probable, he selected the writers for the Critical Review, his disqualification to form an estimate of ability admits not of dispute, since composition more thoroughly despicable than sometimes appeared in

the pages of that review is no where to be found. The unnatural sacrifice of a man of genius, to the pride and vanity of a printer or a bookseller, may, perhaps, be a prudent speculation, but there can be only one opinion with respect to its liberality.

While at Dover, in 1768, whither he seems to have gone that his wife might have the benefit of sea-bathing, he received from his friend, Mr. Murray, a liberal offer, couched in the most friendly terms, to take him into partnership in the bookselling trade, in which Mr. Murray was then on the point of embarking, and in which he finally realized a considerable fortune. "Many blockheads in the trade," said Mr. Murray, "are making fortunes; and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves."

Unfortunately this offer was not accepted by Falconer. It is supposed, with much probability, that the cause of his refusal was his having been appointed to the purser'ship of the *Aurora* frigate, which was fitted out for the purpose of conveying Messrs. Vansittart, Scrofton, and Forde, to India, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. It was a still further temptation to him that he was promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen; an office from which he might reasonably hope to derive important advantages. He sailed from England on the 30th of September, 1769, and the ship reached the Cape in safety. After that, however, she was heard of no more. It is imagined that she was destroyed by fire, or that she foundered in the Mozambique channel. The weight of what evidence exists is on the side of the latter opinion. Captain Lee, the commander, is known to have persisted in passing the channel, though he was a stranger to its dangerous navigation; to which may be added, the strong circumstance that, some years afterwards, the East India Directors examined a black man, who asserted

that he was one of five persons, the sole who were saved from the wreck, when the *Aurora* struck upon a reef of rocks, in the vicinity of Mocoa. Thus untimely perished the first and greatest marine poet that ever this country produced.

"In his person," says Mr. Clarke, he was about five feet seven inches in height; of a thin light make, with a dark weather-beaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard featured; being considerably marked with the small pox: his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding: but he spoke with great fluency; and his simple, yet impressive, diction was couched in words which reminded his hearers of the terseness of Swift. Though Falconer possessed a warm and friendly disposition, he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. His observation was keen and rapid; his criticisms on any inaccuracy of language, or expression, were frequently severe; yet this severity was always intended eventually to create mirth, and not by any means to shew his own superiority, or to give the smallest offence. In his natural temper he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his messmates by composing acrostics on their favourites; in which he particularly excelled. As a professional man, he was a thorough seaman; and like most of that profession, was kind, generous, and benevolent." Confined as his education had been, "he was never at a loss to understand French, Spanish, Italian, or even German." Such was the man who is asserted never to have manifested a sufficient portion of talent to qualify him for being a writer in the *Critical Review*!

When Falconer was on the eve of departing from England, a third edition of his *Shipwreck* was published, in which several alterations were introduced. On the supposition, which has not the shadow of a proof to support it, that these changes were made by

Mallet, the friend of Falconer, Mr. Clarke has taken the strange and unjustifiable liberty of retaining or discarding them, according to the dictates of his taste or caprice. In this he has also acted inconsistently; since if the interpolations were by Mallet they ought all to have been expunged. Some passages he has rejected, because, forsooth! they savour too strongly of fatalism for a British sailor; some because he thought them weak; some because the nautical language is not rigidly correct; and others, because Falconer was too fond of similies, and consequently has scattered them through his work with too liberal a hand.

It is with regret that I censure a man who is evidently anxious to extend the fame of Falconer; but, in such cases, mercy must give way to justice. If editors are suffered to act in this manner, if one may with impunity pluck out the white hairs, and another the dark ones, such enormous havoc will be committed on the text of our poets, that it will at length be utterly impossible to ascertain what they really intended their poems to be. If an editor be anxious, as he laudably may be, to preserve the various readings of the author, he has the ready and irreprehensible resource of printing them in notes at the end of the volume, or at the bottom of the page. But, in the body of the work, the text which was finally corrected by the author ought to be religiously followed*.

* As in this collection of the Poets, the Shipwreck is printed from Mr. Clarke's edition, I insert here the principal variations from Falconer's third edition.

Introduction, page 13, line 2, the third edition reads

"While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole."

Page 13, line 12, after "*Than ever trembled from the vocal string,*" add,

"No pomp of battle swells the exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain ;

The subject of the Shipwreck was happily chosen.
It had the charm of novelty, for it had remained

But o'er the scene while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps."

Page 15, line 22, after "*Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail*," insert,

"Where'er he wandered, thus vindictive Fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate :
Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
Wintered the morn of life's advancing day ;
Relaxed the sinews of the living lyre,
And quenched the kindling spark of vital fire :
Thus while forgotten, or unknown, he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse?"

Canto I. page 36, line 6, instead of the four lines subsequent to "*Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief*," insert,

"The hapless bird, thus, ravished from the skies,
Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged Mate,
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Composed at length, his sadly-warbling strain
In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain."

Canto II. page 52, line 7, instead of "*The' extending sheets on either side are manned*," and the five following lines, read,

"On either side below the sheets are manned,
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand :
Once more the topsails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume,
Again the bowlines, and the yards are braced,
And all the entangled cords in order placed."

Canto II. page 57, line 15, instead of "*The tacks eased off*," &c. and the three following lines, read,

"The Master, said ; obedient to command,
To raise the tack the ready sailors stand :
Gradual it loosens, while the' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew."

Canto III. page 95, line 24, after "*The impelling floods that lash her to the shore*," insert,

"As some benighted traveller through the shade
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd,
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before."

untouched, and it finds an echo in every bosom, but particularly in a British bosom. The toils, the distresses, the perils, and the courage of those who plough the waves are the talk and the wonder of our childhood; and our riper years add to the force of our early feelings, because we learn to associate the proud ideas of national glory with the very name of a sailor.

But the most dignified theme may be degraded by want of talent in the person who chooses it. Such, however, is not the case in the present instance. The poet does not sink under the weight of his subject. Falconer brought to the performance of his task a vigorous mind, a competent share of reading, strong powers of observation, and, what might least of all be expected from him, great felicity of numbers and expression. He stands in need of no allowance for the scantiness of his education, or the nature of his employment. Whoever peruses the *Shipwreck* will be convinced, also, that the author is not a poet at second hand. His descriptions have a truth, a clearness, and freshness, which prove that he had seen and felt what he described. They are peculiarly his own. Of characters he has not many; but what he has are contrasted and supported with sufficient skill. The story is interesting, dramatically narrated, and has numerous touches of pathos. Attention is never suffered to flag. Even the scene of action contributes to shed a splendour over the poem. As the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* has elegantly remarked, it is "poetically laid amidst seas and shores where the mind easily gathers the most romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The spectacle of a majestic British ship of war on the shores of Greece brings as strong a reminiscence to the mind as can well be imagined, of the changes which time has wrought in trans-

planting the empire of arts and civilization." The learning which Falconer displays with respect to Greece, is not, indeed, profound; but it is copious enough for the embellishment of his work, and it is judiciously applied. It has been objected to this digression on Greece, that it retards the progress of the story, and keeps the reader in a state of disagreeable suspense as to the fate of the characters. I am of opinion, on the contrary, that it heightens the effect by transition, and by preventing the mind from being overstrained with the too protracted contemplation of deeply distressing objects. It is the light of a picture, which has an abundance of shade.

The verse is almost uniformly melodious, at times highly so; and the happy facility with which Falconer slides into it the numerous nautical terms which he employs, may almost excite our astonishment. They seem to assume their place in the line without violence; nor is it often, even to a land-man, that they throw any obscurity over the sense.

Some feeble lines, some faulty epithets, some parts rather sketched than finished, may, no doubt, be found in *The Shipwreck*; but it is stamped with the seal of genius, and secures to its author an imperishable wreath.

The minor compositions of Falconer are not calculated to add any thing to his poetical fame. As a juvenile performance, written under manifold disadvantages, the *Elegy on the Death of the Prince of Wales* may, perhaps, be allowed to escape from the severity of criticism. It certainly did not, as it has injudiciously been said to have done, give "much promise of future excellence." On the contrary, neither the thoughts, nor the language, nor the versification, ever rise even to mediocrity. Yet Falconer, with that perversity of judgment which men of genius have frequently displayed, seems to have valued himself upon it; for, in the second edition of

The Shipwreck, he introduced two lines allusive to this elegy. These lines, however, he omitted in his last edition.

The Ode on the Duke of York's second departure from England was composed when he had attained a better taste, and more knowledge of the mechanism of verse. It consequently does not often disgust by gross faults; though it would, perhaps, be difficult to assign a meaning to such expressions as "a hand that trembling ardours move," and "wielding fraternal wonder over azure fields." But, though it is not contemptible, it has nothing which extorts admiration and clings to the memory. The praise is of the common-place kind, and is sometimes so much exaggerated as to excite feelings of ridicule. The hero whom he celebrates as a paragon of valour, and to whom Neptune is called upon to resign his trident, never signalized himself by any achievement, and owes to this ode his being rescued from oblivion. Some excess of eulogium may, however, be allowed from a grateful poet to his first patron.

In favour of his "Demagogue" little can be said. It has much anger, much virulence, with a scanty proportion of wit, and no dignity. The thunder which he hurls is nothing more than a play-house imitation of the bolt of Jove. He has the utmost desire to make his victim feel, but he neither knows how to use the lash, nor which are the parts that are most vulnerable. In some instances he is flagrantly unjust; but how seldom has a satirist sacrificed a pointed sentence to the love of justice. His verse is trailing and monotonous to an extraordinary degree. Stupidity itself might blush to be the author of such lines as

"But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate,"

and of others of equal demerit with which this satire abounds. A few spirited lines may, indeed, be dis-

covered, but they are so few in number that, like Gratiano's reasons, "they are as two grains of wheat hidden in a bushel of chaff," and are not worth the labour that must be exerted in digging them out from amidst the surrounding mass of insupportable dulness.

The remaining poems require no particular examination. From "The Midshipman," and "The Chaplain's Petition," the latter of which has been already noticed, it appears that Falconer was not without a talent for ludicrous subjects. Of the love verses it is enough to say that they are not unpleasing.

The two poems which Mr. Clarke attributes to Falconer, I insert here, that those who have a wish to peruse them may be gratified, without incurring further trouble. The style of them certainly bears in parts a strong resemblance to that of Falconer's acknowledged works.

LINES*

ON THE UNCOMMON SCARCITY OF POETRY IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER LAST.

By J. W. a Sailor.

THE springs of Helicon can winter bind,
And chill the fervour of a poet's mind?
What tho' the louring skies and driving storm
The scenes of nature wide around deform,
The birds no longer sing, nor roses blow,
And all the landscape lies conceal'd in snow;
Yet rigid winter still is known to spare
The brighter beauties of the lovely fair:
Ye lovely fair, your sacred influence bring,
And with your smiles anticipate the spring.

* Printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1756.

Yet what avails the smiles of lovely maids,
Or vernal suns that glad the flowery glades;
The wood's green foliage, or the varying scene
Of fields, and lawns, and gliding streams between,
What, to the wretch whom harder fates ordain,
Thro' the long year to plough the stormy main!
No murmuring streams, no sound of distant sheep,
Or song of birds invite his eyes to sleep;
By toil exhausted, when he sinks to rest,
Beneath his sun-burnt head no flowers are prest;
Down on the deck his fainting limbs are laid,
No spreading trees dispense their cooling shade,
No zephyrs round his aking temples play,
No fragrant breezes noxious heats allay:
The rude rough wind which stern Æolus sends,
Drives on in blasts, and while it cools, offends.
He wakes, but hears no music from the grove;
No varied landscape courts his eye to rove.
O'er the wide main he looks to distant skies,
Where nought but waves on rolling waves arise;
The boundless view fatigues his aking sight,
Nor yields his eye one object of delight.
No "female face divine" with cheering smiles
The lingering hours of dangerous toil beguiles.
Yet distant beauty oft his genius fires,
And oft with love of sacred song inspires.
Even I, the least of all the tuneful train,
On the rough ocean try this artless strain.
Rouze then, ye bards, who happier fortunes prove,
And tune the lyre to nature or to love.

DESCRIPTION OF A NINETY GUN SHIP*.

AMIDST a wood of oaks with canvas leaves,
Which form'd a floating forest on the waves,
There stood a tower, whose vast stupendous size
Rear'd its huge mast, and seem'd to gore the skies,
From which a bloody pennant stretch'd afar
Its comet tail; denouncing ample war;
†Two younger giants of inferior height
Display'd their sporting streamers to the sight;
The base below, another island rose,
To pour Britannia's thunder on her foes;
With bulk immense, like *Ætna*, she surveys
Above the rest, the lesser *Cyclades*;
Profuse of gold, in lustre like the sun,
Splendid with regal luxury she shone;
Lavish in wealth, luxuriant in her pride,
Behold the gilded mass exulting ride!
Her curious prow divides the silver waves,
In the salt ooze her radiant sides she laves,
From stem to stern her wonderous length survey,
Rising a beauteous *Venus* from the sea;
Her stem, with naval drapery engraved,
Shew'd mimic warriors, who the tempest braved;
Whose visage fierce defied the lashing surge,
Of Gallic pride the emblematic scourge.
Tremendous figures, lo! her stern displays,
And holds a ‡Pharos of distinguish'd blaze;
By night it shines a star of brightest form,
To point her way, and light her thro' the storm;
See dread engagements pictured to the life,
See admirals maintain the glorious strife;
Here breathing images in painted ire,
Seem for their country's freedom to expire;

* Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for May, 1759.

† Fore and mizen masts.

‡ Her poop lanthorn.

Victorious fleets the flying fleets pursue,
Here strikes a ship, and there exults a crew ;
A frigate here blows up with hideous glare,
And adds fresh terrors to the bleeding war.
But, leaving feigned armaments, behold
Eight hundred youths of heart and sinew bold,
Mount up her shrouds, or to her tops ascend,
Some haul her braces, some her foresail bend ;
Full ninety brazen guns her port-holes fill,
Ready with nitrous magazines to kill,
From dread embrasures formidably peep,
And seem to threaten ruin to the deep ;
On pivots fix'd, the well-ranged swivels lie,
Or to point downward, or to brave the sky ;
While pateraroes swell with infant rage,
Prepared, tho' small, with fury to engage.
Thus arm'd, may Britain long her state maintain,
And with triumphant navies rule the main.

THE SHIPWRECK.

In Three Cantos.

————— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. *Virg. Æn. Lib. II.*

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM, IS ABOUT SIX
DAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids the' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole ;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land ;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death,
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string ;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore ;
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,

Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
Immortal train ! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress ;
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen'd to the' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove ;
Oh ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound,
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave ;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe !
The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore,
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore,
Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine :
Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar ?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train ?
Far from the Muses' academic grove
'Twas his, the vast and trackless deep to rove ;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone :
Where polar skies congeal the' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,

Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast'¹;
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus², laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measured o'er the painful race
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe:
In regions where the' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all-dreadful in the' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Such joyless toil in early youth endured,
The' expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,

¹ Shakspeare's Henry IV.² Darien.

Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the power that wakes the' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along,
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light.
In her right hand an ample roll appears
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a single wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.

The fugitive ideas she restores, [shores;
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primæval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the' obscured idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores!—
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

THE
SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

Argument.

1. Retrospect of the Voyage.—Arrival at Candia.—State of that Island.—Season of the Year described.—2. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion.—Palemon, Son to the owner of the Ship.—Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the Daughter of Albert.—Noon.—3. Palemon's History.—4. Sun set.—Midnight.—Arion's Dream.—Unmoor by Moonlight.—Morning.—Sun's Azimuth taken.—Beautiful appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.
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Scene, near the City of Candia.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND A HALF.

1. A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held,
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew ;
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursued,
And sought in certain ills imagined good :
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promised joys allured them on ;
And while they listen'd to her willing lore,
The softer scenes of peace could please no more ;

Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam :
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;
Still to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale ;
She o'er the spacious flood from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile :
And now, that Winter deepens round the Pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal :
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay Venice, soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near ;
Inflamed by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
Before whose vivid intellectual ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already British coasts appear to rise,
The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes ;
Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing strains the mistress of his soul :
Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects the' approaching youth ;
In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow ;

Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ ;
Illusion all, and visionary joy !

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which bless'd with favouring winds, they soon ex-
The haven enter, borne before the gale, [plore ;
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war :
Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain ;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund Hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green ;
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For stern oppression quenched its genial fires,
Though still her fields, with golden harvests
crown'd,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore ;

No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
Excite the' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms ;
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die ;
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay :
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains !

Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright virgin and the scales had run,
And on the' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains ;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep :
This, when the' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.—
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain :
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determined, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire ;
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew
The' unblest'd pursuit of fortune hither drew :
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?—

They can ! for gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart :
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause ;
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode ;
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody
plain,

And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

2. The stately ship with all her daring band
To skilful Albert own'd the chief command :
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined ;
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Aboard, confest the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just ! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene :
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone. [glide,
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave
And into motion charm the' expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll :
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;

His genius, ever for the' event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port :
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands ;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar¹, and shelf² the watery path they sound
With dextrous arm, sagacious of the ground :
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclined.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode ;
But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth ;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul :
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the
shore
With foul intent the stranded bark explore ;

¹ A *bar* is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, that has been collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river, or haven, so as to render navigation difficult, and often dangerous. A *shelf*, or *shelve*, so called from the Saxou *Schylf*, is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water.

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science, and the tuneful sisters rove,
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the' untravell'd zone.
In vain :—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye bless'd Pierian train !
To call Arion this ill-fated swain ;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save ;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explored along the deep domain ;
Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name ;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed :
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born !
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease ;

To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale :
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew :
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause,
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew ;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains,
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame,
With grief and anger struggling in his breast
Palemon's father heard the tale confess'd ;
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew ;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true :
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With avarice to pollute that generous soil ;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed,
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
(For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore,)
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
He, by the lust of riches only moved,
Such mean connections haughtily reprov'd ;

Indignant he rebuked the' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy ;
He sooth'd and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim :
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench the' ethereal flame of ardent Love :
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look, and voice, assum'd a harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd ;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd :
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom ;
High beat his heart, fast flow'd the' unbidden tear,
His bosom heaved with agony severe ;
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
To thee, brave Albert ! was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, the' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth ;
Still Anna's image swims before his sight
In fleeting vision through the restless night ;
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known ;
Who wandering here through many a scene re-
nown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;

Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd :
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind ;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the' adjacent shore :
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide :
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress'd,
And held the' unwilling ship in strong arrest :
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more ;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,

Of dragons roaring on the' enchanted coast;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd²,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers as-
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd; [sail'd,
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'eturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

3. But now before them happier scenes arise,
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes;
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclined,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—

² These remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

‘Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance
taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray’d.
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.’

‘Albert thou know’st with skill and science
graced;

In humble station though by fortune placed,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain’s conquering squadrons o’er the wave:
Where full in view Augusta’s spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandering rolls his ample tide:
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.
For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

‘This blooming maid, in Virtue’s path to guide,
The’ admiring parents all their care applied;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train’d,
No vice untuned, no sickening folly stain’d:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill’d every heart with exquisite alarms;

Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd ;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May :
Still in her look complacence smiled serene ;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene !

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom,
Yon ship, rich freighted from the' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore ;
While thus my father saw his ample hoard
From this return, with recent treasures stored ;
Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went !
Too soon, alas ! unconscious of the' event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw ;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms :
My ever charming Anna ! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone ;
Oh ! while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first the' infection caught ?
When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid ;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook.
With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love :
She strove in vain ;—subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.

Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid ;
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We roved at evening hour through flowery meads ;
There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd :
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved ;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence, and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart—
My suit prevail'd ! for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours ! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day :
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysiah scenes ! too happy long to last,
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast ;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice ;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind ;
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.

His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,
At last on cruel exile he resolved :
The rigorous doom was fix'd ; alas ! how vain,
To him of tender anguish to complain.
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt ;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

' The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale :
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The poignant torments of despairing love ;
The' impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide³,
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied :
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast ;
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confess'd ! the lovely maid drew near !
But, ah ! what force of language can impart
The' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart ?
O ye ! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love,
When with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;

³ The ebb-tide, or reflux, when the water subsides.

10



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Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell ;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.
* In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms ;
Dissolving softness ! paradise of charms !
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew !
O bliss supreme ! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt ;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.
' Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,)
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain ?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid,
'Tis mine abandon'd to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth ! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortured bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease ;
Go then, dear youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms :
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day :
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove ;

On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all,
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'

'She ceased : while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace :
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.'
'O soul of all my wishes ! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide ?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;
And I, ingrateful ! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?
Sooner this moment may the' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb ;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night !
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight :
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal ;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep ;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love ;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

'Oh, cease to weep ! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away :
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain :

For this, prosperity, with brighter ray
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid ! ere twice ten months are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.'

' Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief :
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung :
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas ! the wandering lover's grave ;
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear,
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes
She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs :—
' Look down with pity, O ye powers above !
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love ;
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he return no more :
Or if the hour of future joy remain
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain,
Bid every guardian-minister attend,
And from all ill the much-loved youth defend !'
' With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion beat in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.

Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
She to her silent couch retired to weep,
Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep.'—

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief;
To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew;
In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
Nor hope, nor danger, could their love divide.

Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love:
Oh! warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
Let them severer stoic nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.

Now as the youths returning o'er the plain
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lighten'd heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

4. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay;
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore;
And lo! his surface lovely to behold
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main!
Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love:
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze,
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise;

The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud ;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone :
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night :
Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane ;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen :
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd, while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love ;
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound ;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung :
' All hands unmoor !' proclaims a boisterous cry,
' All hands unmoor !' the cavern'd rocks reply.
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass⁴ arm :
The order given, up springing with a bound
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At every turn the clanging pauls resound :
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.

⁴ The *windlass* is a large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from recoiling.

High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides ;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in the' Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm ensues : adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers man'd, are sent ahead ;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow⁵ ;
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend :
Success attends their skill ! the danger's o'er !
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high,
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky :
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's⁶ height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight ;
North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody cape⁷ appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails ;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.

⁵ *Towing* is chiefly used as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore, by the swell of the sea.

⁶ A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

⁷ Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

Now swelling stud-sails* on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
While all to court the veering winds are placed,
With yards alternate square, and sharply braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze;
The pilots now their azimuth⁹ attend,
On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
The compass placed to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;
Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb,
Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude, and declination, gain'd;
In chiliads next the' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought:
By this magnetic variance is explored,
Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze
She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas:

* *Stud*, or *studding-sails*, are light sails, which are extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope called *A Stay*, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

⁹ The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon ;
The bending wales¹⁰ their contrast next display'd,
All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below :
Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The' imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand ;
The' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep :
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field ;
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war :
And lo ! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into Union, yoked in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main :
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
The' immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved—
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figured scutcheon glitter'd on her breast ;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.

¹⁰ Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered, they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong planks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptured prow; from van to rear
The' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd;
There a young hero, here a royal maid:
Fair England's Genius in the youth express'd
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd:
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe:
Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
Brandish'd the' unconquer'd Caledonian spear:
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
The sword that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side:
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone;

Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire :
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell :
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres !
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous ; overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread :
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood :
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay :
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale.
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd :
Then tower'd the masts, the canvass swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day ;
Thus, like a swan, she cleaved the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main.

CANTO II.

Argument.

1. Reflections on leaving Shore.—2. Favourable Breeze.—Water Spout.—The dying Dolphin.—Breeze freshens.—Ship's rapid progress along the Coast.—Top-Sails reefed.—Gale of Wind.—Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado.—A Squall.—Top-Sails double reefed.—Main-Sail split.—The Ship bears away before the Wind; again hauls upon the Wind.—Another Main-Sail bent, and set.—Porpoises.—3. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia.—Heavy Gale.—Top-Sails furled.—Top-gallant-Yards lowered.—Great Sea.—Threatening Sun-set.—Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Main-Sail.—Courses reefed.—Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm.—Anxiety of the Master, and his Mates, on being near a Lee Shore.—Mizen reefed.—4. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck; its consequences.—The Ship labours in great distress.—Guns thrown overboard.—Dismal appearance of the Weather.—Very high and dangerous Sea.—Storm of lightning.—Severe fatigue of the Crew at the Pumps.—Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera.—Consultation and resolution of the Officers.—Speech and advice of Albert; his devout Address to Heaven.—Order given to bear away.—The Fore Stay-Sail hoisted and split.—The Head-Yards braced aback.—The Mizen-Mast cut away.
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The Scene lies at Sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.

TIME, FROM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE
O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

1. ADIEU! ye pleasures of the silvan scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, the Elysian vallies smile;

To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests ! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul.—
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail, social horrors ! like my fate severe :
Old Ocean hail ! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea !
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws !
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause !
The Muse invites you—judge if she depart
Unequal from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour :
Her voice attempting themes, before unknown
To music, sings distresses all her own.

2. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides :
Rodmond exulting felt the' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul ;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view ;
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high ;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep :
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.

This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In Heaven immersed, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as seamen deem, [stream.
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the
The swift volution, and the' enormous train,
Let sages versed in nature's lore explain—
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were primed; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears:
The nitre fired; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high!
The' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now the' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
A-head they see the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.

But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze;
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong :
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends ;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through ;
The' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain :
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And fitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike the astonish'd sight !
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
When orient dew's impearl the' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye :
But here description clouds each shining ray,
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display !

The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
Are now dismiss'd the straining masts to ease ;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready seamen from the yards unbend ;
The boats then hoisted in, are fix'd on board,
And on the deck with fastening gripes secured.
The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
With fix'd attention eyes the' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.

The powerful sails with steady breezes swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd :
 Across her stem the parting waters run,
 As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.
 Impatient thus, she darts along the shore,
 Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more ;
 And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
 Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
 That once inclosed the hallow'd fane of Jove ;
 Here too, memorial of his name ! is found
 A tomb in marble ruins on the ground :
 This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
 Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
 Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne ;
 For oft, alas ! their yenal strains adorn
 The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn ;
 Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
 But see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercaст ;
 The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
 And the dark scud¹ in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
 Low in the wave the leeward cannon² lie,

¹ The *scud*, is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

² When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is termed the *weather* side ; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the *lee* side ; all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward ; hence also are derived the

The master calls to give the ship relief,
 'The topsails' lower, and form a single reef!'
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels;
 Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels:
 Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
 Are man'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
 More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
 And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
 A louring squall obscures the southern sky,
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
 Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—
 'Reef top-sails, reef!' the master calls again.
 The halyards⁴ and top-bow-lines⁵ soon are gone,
 To clue-lines and reef-tackles⁶ next they run:

lee-cannon, the lee-braces, weather-braces, &c. The same term is used by Milton,

'The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
 With fixed anchor,
 Moors by his side under the lee.'

³ The *topsails* are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude.—*Reefs* are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases: and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

⁴ *Halyards* are those ropes by which sails are hoisted, or lowered.

⁵ *Bow-lines* are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering.

⁶ *Clue-lines* are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. *Reef-tackles* are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the

The shivering sails descend ; the yards are square ;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair :
The weather-earings⁷, and the lee, they pass'd,
The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant the' approaching squall attend :
It comes resistless ! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep ;
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward-sisters scour the blasted heath.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
Deep, on her side, the reeling vessel lies :
Brail up the mizen⁸ quick !' the master cries,
' Man the clue-garnets⁹ ! let the main-sheet¹⁰ fly !'
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high !
The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar :
The ship still labours in the' oppressive strain,
Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.

deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing.

⁷ *Earrings* are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

⁸ The *mizen* is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen mast.

⁹ *Clue-garnets* are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled, or brailled.

¹⁰ *Sheets*: it is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached.

‘ Bear up the helm a-weather!’¹¹ Rodmond cries,
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies ;
She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace ;
With equal sheets restrain’d, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o’er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
The helm the’ attentive timoneer¹² applies :
As in pursuit, along the aërial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space ;
So, govern’d by the steersman’s glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now, the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast :
The helm¹³ to starboard moves ; each shivering sail
Is sharply trim’d to clasp the’ augmenting gale—
The mizen-draws ; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail¹⁴ balances before.

¹¹ The reason for putting the *helm a-weather*, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer, before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. *Veering*, or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward : the French term is, *virer vent arriere*.

¹² The helmsman, or steersman, from the French *timonier*.

¹³ The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a *starboard*, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

¹⁴ Called with more propriety the *fore top-mast stay-sail* : it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast stay, over the bowsprit : it consequently has an influence on the fore-part of the ship, as the mizen has on

The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
 They near the prow the' extended tack¹⁵ confined:
 Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.
 To top-sails next they haste: the bunt-lines¹⁶ gone!
 Through rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run;
 The' extending sheets on either side are man'd,
 Abroad they come! the fluttering sails expand;
 The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
 The leeches taught, the halyards are made fast,
 The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard
 braced¹⁷,

And straggling ropes in pendent order placed.

The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
 In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:

With brails¹⁸ refix'd, another soon prepared,
 Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.

the hinder part: and, when thus used together, they may
 be said to balance each other. (See also the last note of
 this Canto.)

¹⁵ The main-sail and fore-sail of a ship are furnished with a *tack* on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward.

¹⁶ *Bunt-lines* are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brail'd or furled.

¹⁷ A *yard* is said to be *braced*, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

¹⁸ *Brails*: a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail the bottoms, and lower corners of the great sails.

To each yard-arm the head-rope¹⁹ they extend,
 And soon their earings and their robans²⁰ bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces²¹ slack,
 Then to the chesstree drag the' unwilling tack :
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay²².

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide :
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main—
 These fleetest coursers of the finny race
 When threatening clouds the' ethereal vault deface,
 Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of the' approaching storm.

3. Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
 Protects the vessel from the' insulting sea ;
 Round her broad arms impatient of control,
 Roused from the secret deep, the billows roll :

¹⁹ A rope is always attached to the edges of the sails, to strengthen and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called *leech-ropes*, that, at the bottom, the *foot-rope*, and that on the top, or upper edge, the *head-rope*.

²⁰ *Robans*, or rope-bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails: the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet-holes under the head-rope.

²¹ Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

²² *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight: and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promised aid
From Candia's bay the' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies :
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray ;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight :
Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.

Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
South, and by west, the threatening demon blew :
Auster's resistless force, all air invades,
And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
The ship no longer can her top-sails bear ;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain :
Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft and man each yard :
They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles²³ then confined,
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies ;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
Prompt to direct the' unskilful still appears,
The' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.

²³ The *rolling tackle* is an assemblage of pullics, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards²⁴ attend,
Some, travellers²⁵ up the weather-back-stays send,
At each mast-head the top-ropes²⁶ others bend.
The parrels²⁷, lifts²⁸, and clue-lines soon are gone,
Top'd and unrig'd they down the back-stays run;
The yards secure along the booms²⁹ were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe;
Awhile, their spirits with fatigue oppress'd,
In vain expect the' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow:
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow; fresh difficulties rise;

²⁴ *Top-gallant-yards*, which are the highest ones in a ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads.

²⁵ *Travellers* are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced: they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards; for which purpose two of them are fixed on each *back-stay*, which are long ropes that reach on each side of the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains.

²⁶ *Top-ropes* are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant-masts, and their respective yards.

²⁷ *Parrels* are those bands of rope, by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite; and of these there are four different sorts.

²⁸ *Lifts* are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms. A yard is said to be *topped* when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes.

²⁹ *Booms* are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather.

No season this from duty to descend,
'All hands on deck' must now the storm attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immersed the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er heaven her reign extends.
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can whole courses³⁰ bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care ;
The sailors summon'd aft all ready stand,
And man the' enfolding brails at his command :
But here the doubtful officers dispute³¹,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute :
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go ;

³⁰ The *courses* are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts ; the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

³¹ This is particularly mentioned, not because there was, or could be, any dispute at such a time between a master of a ship, and his chief mate, as the former can always command the latter ; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather risk any thing than forego their ancient rules, although many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dangerous. It is to the wonderful sagacity of these philosophers, that we owe the sea maxims of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind ; of whistling on the wind in a calm ; of nailing horse-shoes on the mast to prevent the power of witches ; of nailing a fair wind to the starboard cat-head, &c.

To long-tried practice obstinately warm
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move :—
' The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels the' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject ;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.'
So Albert spoke ; to windward, at his call,
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
The tack's³² eased off ; while the involving clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew ;
The sheet and weather-brace³³ they now stand by,
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply :
Then, all prepared, ' Let go the sheet !' he cries—
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies !
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd ;
By *spilling-lines*³⁴ embraced, with brails confined,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.

³² It has been already remarked, that the *tack* is always fastened to windward ; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard ; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

³³ Whenever the *sheet* is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the *weather-brace*, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

³⁴ The *spilling lines*, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard.

The fore-sail then secured with equal care,
 Again to reef the main-sail they repair ;
 While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,
 Below, the down-haul tackle³⁵ others ply,
 Jears³⁶, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 And down the mast its mighty yard descends :
 When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
 And fix the rolling tackle in its place ;
 The reef-lines³⁷ and their earings now prepared,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds³⁸, they man the yard ;
 Far on the' extremes appear two able hands,
 For no inferior skill this task demands—
 To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,
 The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides :
 Each earing to its cringle first they bend,
 The reef-band³⁹ then along the yard extend ;

³⁵ The violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle, consisting of an assemblage of the pulleys, to haul it down on the mast: this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 54.

³⁶ *Jears*, or *geers*, answer the same purpose to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as halyards do to all inferior sails. The *tye*, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the *jears*.

³⁷ *Reef-lines*, are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail.

³⁸ *Shrouds*, so called from the Saxon *Scrud*, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast heads to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail; they are also used as rope ladders, by which seamen ascend or descend to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging.

³⁹ *Reef-band* consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed.

The circling earing round the' extremes entwined,
By outer and by inner turns⁴⁰ they bind ;
The reef-lines next from hand to hand received,
Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reeved ;
The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea⁴¹, up-surgng with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole :
' O friends, secure your hold ! ' Arion cries—
It comes all dreadful ! down the vessel lies
Half-buried sideways ; while, beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost :
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold ;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The ropes, alas ! a solid gripe deny :
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death ;
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,

⁴⁰ The *outer turns* of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yard ; the *inner turns* are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.

⁴¹ A *sea* is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave ; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own !

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command :
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the claspings tide ;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
'Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shivering streamers they may rend ;
Or, should they stand, beneath the' oppressive
 strain

The down-press'd ship may never rise again ;
Too late to weather⁴² now Morea's land,
And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand'—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear :
Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
At last to furl the courses they consent ;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try⁴³ beneath it sidelong in the sea.

⁴² To *weather a shore* is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the gale. *Drift* is that motion and direction, by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail ; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of sail, as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring produced by the turbulence of the sea.

⁴³ To *try*, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward ; the helm being fastened close to the lee-side, or in the sea language, *hard a-lee*, to retain her in that position. (See a further illustration in the last note of this Canto.)

Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
 Then jears and topping-lift⁴⁴ secure belay ;
 The head, with doubling canvass fenced around,
 In balance near the lofty peak they bound ;
 The reef enwrap'd the' inserted knittles tied,
 The halyards throt and peak are next applied—
 The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
 The brails relax'd, the' extended sheet belay'd ;
 The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee⁴⁵,
 Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

4. When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
 With notes divine deplored his consort lost ;
 Though round him perils grew in fell array,
 And fates and furies stood to bar his way ;
 Not more adventurous was the' attempt to move
 The' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
 Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
 The harshest sounds that terms of art express :
 Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endured
 In mazes, self-invented, long immured,
 Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
 To guide him through that intricate abode—
 Thus, long imprisoned in a rugged way
 Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
 The Muse, that tuned to barbarous sounds her string,
 Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing ;
 The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
 Replete with sad variety of woe.

⁴⁴ A tackle, or assemblage of pulleys, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line, and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The *knittle* is a short line used to reef the sails by the bottom. The *throt* is that part of the mizen-yard which is close to the mast.

⁴⁵ *Lash'd a-lee*, is fastened to the lee side. See note, p. 48.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear :
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn :
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppress'd,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy :
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands ;
Ungrateful task ! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore around—
While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd ;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
' Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud—'
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast,
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,

A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dis sever'd ruins lie :
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan ;
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone—
Thus the torn vessel felt the' enormous stroke,
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew ; [drew,
Companion, binacle⁴⁶, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck ;
The balanced mizen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.

They sound the well⁴⁷, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immersed along the line appear ;
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, the' ungrateful office take :
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear—

⁴⁶ The *companion* is a wooden porch placed over the ladder that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The *binacle* is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions ; the middle one for a lamp, or candle, and the two others for mariners' compasses. There are always two binacles on the deck of a ship of war, one of which is placed before the master, at his appointed station. In all the old sea books it was called *bittacle*.

⁴⁷ The *well* is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps : it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line—The *brake* is the pump-handle.

As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall ;
It breaks ! it bursts before the cannonade !
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade :
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood :
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend ;
But all in vain ! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs, oppress'd by ponderous cannon, groan ;
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight—
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies :
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown ;
Eventful task ! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires :
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay ;
Too soon the eventful moments haste away !

Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give :
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue ;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side ;
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave— [deep,
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood ; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar ;
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist⁴⁸,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed—
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw ;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd the' artillery round,
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile ;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.' »

⁴⁸ The *waist* is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter deck and forecastle ; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant-ship is only one or two steps in descent, from the quarter-deck and forecastle, she is said to be galley-built ; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
Such ease Alcides felt when, clog'd with gore,
The' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore,
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate ;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endured—
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found !
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays :
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below ;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies ;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd ;
For while, with sweeping inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume ;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove,
Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood :
When unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The clattering pumps with clanking strokes re-
sound ;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd :

Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil ;
No ray of light their dying hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems.

Again the chief the' instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends ;
To him the motion of each orb was known
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne ;
But here, alas ! his science nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails :
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
The angle of lee-way⁴⁹, seven points, remain'd—
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When, on the' immediate line of drift, he found
The rugged Isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
Of Falconera⁵⁰, distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow :

⁴⁹ The *lee-way*, or *drift*, in this passage are synonymous terms. The true course and distance, resulting from these traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of latitude, and departure of each course ; and reducing the whole into one departure, and one difference of latitude, according to the known rules of trigonometry : this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular ; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the course and distance.

⁵⁰ *Falconera*, a small island in the Archipelago, to the N. W. of Milo : there is an open space of sea to the north and south of it ; but in every other direction are islands at no great distance. The small and steep Island of St. George is situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at the entrance of the Gulf of Egina. Gardalor lies off the coast of Attica, between Cape Colonna and Porto Leone.

For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost ;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep Saint George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation long debate—
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft their head :
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view !
Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail, and shower ;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour :
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood !
Skill'd to command ; deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action ; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief refer'd :—
 ' Ye faithful mates ! who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care !
To you, alas ! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well :
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft :
No skill nor long experience could forecast
The' unseen approach of this destructive blast ;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.

The hour, the' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands !
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds :
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind ;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that, before the boisterous storm to fly :
Then less her sides will feel the surge's pow'r,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign—
Forbid it, Heaven ! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay :
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale ;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee ;
Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey.'

He said : the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard ;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their councils hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried ;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own :

Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart ;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last :
Sagacious, balancing the' opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—
‘ Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Our bark 'tis true no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind :
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud⁵¹
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood ?
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last :
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think ! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail ;
And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us and new dangers rise :
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares :

⁵¹ The movement of *scudding*, from the Swedish word *skutta*, is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless, as in the present instance the condition of a ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side the mutual efforts of the winds and waves. The principal hazards, incident to scudding, are generally a pooping sea ; the difficulty of steering, which exposes the vessel perpetually to the risk of broaching-to ; and the want of sufficient sea-room : a sea striking the ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder ; in broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with being immediately upset ; and, for want of sea-room, she is endangered with shipwreck on a lee-shore ; a circumstance too dreadful to require explanation.

Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too :
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay !

‘ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope :
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee ;
The crew, though harass’d much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near :
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?—
Prudence forbids ! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon ;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the’ unruly tide : [more
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once
Direct their course to some relieving shore.’

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran :
For while the vessel through unnumber’d chinks,
Above, below, the’ invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo ! the leaks o’er all their powers prevail :
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem’d to wait
Arion’s voice, to close the dark debate ;
Not o’er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run :
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune ! taught too well :

With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart,
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart ;
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel :
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul :—

‘ Can we, delay’d in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide ?
Alas ! from circling horrors thus combined,
One method of relief alone we find :
Thus water-logg’d⁵², thus helpless to remain
Amid this hollow, how ill-judg’d ! how vain !
Our sea-breach’d vessel can no longer bear
The floods, that o’er her burst in dread career ;
The labouring hull already seems half fill’d
With water through an hundred leaks distill’d ;
Thus drench’d by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;
At every pitch the’ o’erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit’s end ;
A fearful warning ! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely ;
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dire dismay, anticipating death ;

⁵² A ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having received through her leaks a great quantity of water into her hold, she has become so heavy and inactive on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck. As in this dangerous situation the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuates from place to place, the stability of the ship is utterly lost : she is therefore almost totally deprived of the use of her sails, which operate to overset her, or press the head under water : hence there is no resource for the crew, except to free her by the pumps, or to abandon her for the boats as soon as possible.

Still all our powers the' increasing leaks defy,
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh :
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
To light and save us from a watery tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here ;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.

'Tis urged, indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste ;
But, haply, Falconera we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
The' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,
And since as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus delay?
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide ;
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour ;
But here ingulf'd and foundering, while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.'

He said : Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art ;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved :
High beat his bosom—with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd :
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell,

Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved,
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat :
Alas ! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore ;
His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.

Now had the pilots all the' events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved—
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs :

‘ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !
Whose courage now is known perhaps too late ;
Ye ! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform,
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near ;
The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal :
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try
To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and scud before the wind :
Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear ;
But that's remote, and instant death is here :

Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
Till with abating rage the blast subside :
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These councils follow'd, from a watery grave
Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—
 ' And first, let all our axes be secured
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard ;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar
To float between the vessel and the shore :
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd :
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
The' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar :
Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard ;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save ;
Then westward turn the stern, that every mast
May shoreward fall as from the vessel cast—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground ;
And when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend
The dangerous business of the deck to tend ;
Then burst the hatches off, and every stay
And every fastening lanyard cut away,
Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast ;
Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast,

That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore :
But as your firmest succour, till the last
O cling securely on each faithful mast !
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear ;
If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
Adieu to hope ! to life itself adieu !

‘ I know among you some have oft beheld
A blood-hound train, by rapine’s lust impell’d,
On England’s cruel coast impatient stand,
To rob the wanderers wreck’d upon their strand ;
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder’d crew,
Who, ’scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain !
Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown ;
Who, though by barbarous tyranny oppress’d,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress’d :
Their hearts, by cruel fate inured to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.’

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their native land ;
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws !
That thus forgot her guardian sailor’s cause.

Meanwhile, the master’s voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered :
‘ No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pumps industrious stand ;
And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair—
And thou, Eternal Power ! whose awful sway
The storms revere, and roaring seas obey !

On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die !
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust, [death :
With thee, great Lord ! " whatever is, is just".'

He said ; and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought :
His intellectual eye, serenely bright !
Saw distant objects with prophetic light—
Thus, in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress,
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay,
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm ;
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise ;
With deep attention marks the' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills ;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene !
A long dark melancholy vale between⁵³ ;

⁵³ That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when *trying*, and of the change of her situation to that of *scudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

The balanced ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt the' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclined ;

In trying, as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea-phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her *coming to*: and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her *falling off*.

Weering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of *scudding*, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, 'That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to 'bear away !'
The order given, the timoneers obey :

her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counter-balance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to weer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast

Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd,
And round the foremost on each side belay'd ;
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoist ! away the flitting ruins fly :
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares—
' Away there ; lower the mizen-yard on deck,'
He calls, ' and brace the foremost yards aback !'
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries—
' Haste ! with your weapons cut the shrouds and
And hew at once the mizen-mast away !' [stay,
He said : to cut the girding stay they run,
Soon on each side the several shrouds are gone :
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
The' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound ;
Deep gash'd beneath, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings :
Thus, when some limb convulsed with pangs of death
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,

or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally a sea striking the ship's stern ; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to ; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned : and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

'The' experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays :
But, if the' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of death's inflaming tides
The' infected member from the trunk divides.

CANTO III.

Argument.

1. Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry.—Diffidence of the Author.—2. Wreck of the Mizen-Mast cleared away.—Ship veers before the wind.—Labours hard.—Different stations of the Officers.—Appearance of the Island of Falconera.—3. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece renowned in antiquity.—Athens.—Socrates, Plato, Aristides.—Solon.—Corinth.—Its Architecture.—Sparta.—Leonidas.—Invasion by Xerxes.—Lycurgus.—Epaminondas.—Present state of the Spartans.—Arcadia.—Former happiness and fertility.—Its present distress the effect of Slavery.—Ithaca:—Ulysses and Penelope.—Argos and Mycenæ.—Agamemnon.—Macronisi.—Lemnos.—Vulcan.—Delos.—Apollo and Diana.—Troy.—Sestos.—Leander and Hero.—Delphos.—Temple of Apollo.—Parnassus.—The Muses.—4. Subject resumed.—Address to the Spirits of the Storm.—A Tempest, accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors.—Darkness of the Night, Lightning and Thunder.—Day-break.—St. George's Cliffs open upon them.—The Ship in great danger passes the Island of St. George.—5. Land of Athens appears.—Helmsman struck blind by Lightning.—Ship laid broadside to the shore.—Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main Top-mast carried away.—Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, strive to save themselves on the wreck of the Foremast.—The Ship parts asunder.—Death of Albert and Rodmond.—Arion reaches the shore.—Finds Palemon expiring on the Beach.—His dying Address to Arion, who is led away by the humane Natives.
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The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona in Attica.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS; FROM ONE, UNTIL
EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

1. WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defiled,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;

When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd ;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came
The dark and solitary race to tame,
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul ;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more :
The kindling spirit caught the' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay ;
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light,
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms ;
Hence, war's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay :
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains meandering through the maze of woe
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow ;
Far through the boundless realms of thought he
From earth upborne on Pegasean wings, [springs,
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue ;
His magic voice, that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.

But I, alas ! through scenes bewilder'd stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray ;
While all unused the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread ;
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire,

Full oft indeed that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore ;
'Tis true he lightly sketch'd the bold design,
But toils more joyless, more severe are mine ;
Since o'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan :
But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part ;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain the' events in regular array ;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchanged the same sad theme remains,
O could it draw Compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near !
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast ;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian sailors know ;
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—
This were the summit of my hoped success !
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.

2. Awhile the mast, in ruins drag'd behind,
Balanced the' impression of the helm and wind ;
The wounded serpent agonized with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :
But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer :
While round before the' enlarging wind it falls,
' Square fore and aft the yards',¹ the master calls ;

¹ The wind is said to *enlarge*, when it veers from the side towards the stern. To *square the yards* is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length.

' You, timoneers, her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend :
So! steady!² meet her! watch the curving prow,
And from the gale directly let her go.'
' Starboard again!' the watchful pilot cries ;
' Starboard!' the' obedient timoneer replies :
Then back to port³, revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side the' invasions of the sea ;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storms, and bursting skies :
As when enclosing harponeers assail
In hyperborean seas the skumbering whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide ;
And rack'd all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
So with resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from the chasing waves along the deep ;
While dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan ;
Upheaved behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright ;

² *Steady!* is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left.

³ The left side of a ship is called *port*, in steering, that the helmsman may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large ships, the tiller, (or long bar of timber, that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the rudder,) is guided by a wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a crane or windlass.

Now quivering o'er the topmast wave she rides,
While deep beneath the' enormous gulf divides;
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies:
As that rebellious angel, who from Heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
The distant realms of Eden to explore,
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing the' infernal air he cleaved,
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown—
Even so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume:
Albert and Rodmond on the poop⁴ appear,
There to direct each guiding timoneer;
While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends; [shore,
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring
Cries, ever and anon, ' Look out afore !'

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view

⁴ *Poop*, from the Latin word *puppis*, is the hindmost and highest deck of a ship. The *bow* is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stern or prow.

Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide ;
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light :
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand—
But scarce perceived, when past the beam^{*} it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies :
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy
As in the' Atlantic ocean when we find
Some alp of ice driven southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd ;
Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides the' ærial billows fly,
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat :
Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand ;
The' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

3. Say, Memory ! thou from whose unerring
tongue

Instructive flows the animated song,
What regions now the scudding ship surround ?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd ;
That, once the poet's theme, the muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost !

* On the *beam*, implies any distance from the ship on a line with the beams, or at right angles with the keel : thus, if the ship steers northward, any object lying east, or west, is said to be on her starboard or larboard beam.

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore ?
They did:—for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile ;
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower ;
For native tempests here with blasting breath
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death ;
Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and storm,
The generous temper of the soul deform :
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exiled from the Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranced in fancy's soothing dream,
Approached to taste the sweet Castalian stream ;
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense the softened soul refine,)
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immured,
To learning lost, severe grief endured ;
In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
Since fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire :
If one this pain of living death possess'd,
It dwelt supreme, Arion ! in thy breast ;
When, with Palemon watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.
Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at port Lio⁶'s head ;
Great source of science ! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame :

⁶ Porto Leone, the ancient Piræum, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal.

Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won ;
The first, in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind :
The last, proclaim'd the spark of vital fire
The soul's fine essence never could expire ;
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage ;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws :
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'er-
grown ;

The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble ; hence the haven's name,
Unknown to modern natives whence it came.

Next in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd :
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd ;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra ! thy modern turrets stand :
Ah ! who unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ;
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around ;
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia, bade her thunders roar :
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanced with Persia's sumless hosts to war,

Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near ;
He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force opposed with Sparta's glorious train ;
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands :
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame ;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause ;
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain :
But ah ! how low that free-born spirit now !
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace.

Not distant far, Arcadia's bless'd domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains :
Thrice happy soil ! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May ;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield !
Then, with some rural nymph supremely bless'd,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of silvan sports in artless strain ;
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay :
Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land ;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the uncultured plain.
Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies
The long-sought isle of Ithacus the wise ;

Where fair Penelope, of him deprived,
To guard her honour endless schemes contrived:
She, only shielded by a stripling son,
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor kings repell'd,
And undefiled her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the' Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjured friend, and faithless wife,
Who sacrificed to impious lust thy life:
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The lofty turrets of imperial Troy;
Here driven by Juno's rage the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came:
The port an image bears of Parian stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears the' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos! through all the' Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround;

By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece revered,
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd :
But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the' ethereal world :
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms ;
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the' empyreal race,
In wedlock lived the beauteous Queen of love ;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move !

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once the' imperial towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious Troy ! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time ;
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend :
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain !
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involved in Grecian flame ;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare furrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more :
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains ;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.

Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand,

Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night,
Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore ;
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost ;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd the' incessant tear ;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair ;
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide :
The' exulting tide received the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain :
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair !
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric ! elegant its style !
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble paved the polish'd floors ;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd ;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd :
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine ;
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed,
With golden harps and branching laurels graced :
Around the fane, engraved by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand ;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast :

While from his eyes' insufferable light,
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight :
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head ;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing ;
Apollo, here, bestows the' unfading wreath ;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume,
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom ;
Fair daughters of the sun, the sacred Nine !
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay ;
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to harmony the' afflicted soul ;
With heavenly balm the tortured breast compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes :
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound ;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flowers :
Here pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound. [strains

4. Stop, wandering thought ! methinks I feel their
Diffuse delicious langour through my veins :
Adieu, ye flowery vales and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers and ever-vernal greens !
Adieu, ye streams ! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze the' Aonian hill surround ;
Ye fairy scenes ! where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight ; for ever, oh, farewell !

The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethæan dews distil—
Awake, O Memory ! from the' inglorious dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme ;
Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye spirits of the storm my verse inspire !
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the swelling strain.

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stem'd the' Athenian shore ;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern her force repel ;
For this assault should either quarter⁷ feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel :
The steersmen every bidden turn apply,
To right and left the spokes alternate fly—

Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear ;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close ;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line :
Thus they direct the flying bark before
The' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore :
High o'er the poop the' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire ;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide ;
Her joints unhinged in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray :
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and
shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds ;

⁷ The *quarter* is the hinder part of a ship's side ; or that part which is near the stern.

From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze :
The' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horrors of the night—
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head :
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined,
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed :
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings ;
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes :
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge ;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood ;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the' ethereal frame ;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light ;
Even now my ear with quick vibration feels
The' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals ;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the' electric wire :
Yet ah ! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo ! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn :
Hail, sacred vision ! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings ;
All Nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning day,
All but our ship ! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried ;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid adored resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms ;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light !
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise ;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green ;
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear :
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose :

For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow ;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to^a :
Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore ;
A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around :
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed ;
The double danger he alternate view'd,
And cautiously his arduous track pursued :
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar ; [raves,
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves :
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
The parting ship that instant is no more ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too :

^a The great difficulty of steering the ship at this time before the wind, is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side ; which often forces her stern round, and brings her broad-side to the wind and sea : this is an effect of the same cause which is explained in the last note of the second Canto.

But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the tempest's wings the Isle she past:
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore—
When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away
For ever exiled from the realms of day,
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes!
Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

5. But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-cover'd, on the lofty cape are placed,
There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane:
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears.
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath the lee;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,

A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gazed upon the blind ;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the' unhappy victim to the shroud :
' Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend !' he cries ;
' Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course ;
Quick to the' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim :
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly ;
Fate spurs her on !—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star,
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast !
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast ;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And, ' hard a starboard !' is the last command :
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow swift wheeling to the westward flies ;
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend,
Fatal retreat ! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down press'd by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends :
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie ;
The foremast totters unsustain'd on high ;
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;

While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay⁹
Drags the main-topmast by the cap¹⁰ away !
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain ;
Weak hope, alas !—they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life, though sinking in the grave ;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length ;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink ! for ever number'd with the dead.

Those who remain, the weather's shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case ;
Transfix'd with terror at the' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room :
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear !
Even they, amid the' unspeakable distress
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels ;
Begirt with all the horror of the main
They view'd the' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain :
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast
That sees remote the mansions of the bless'd !

It comes ! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by destiny severe :

⁹ The main top-mast *stay* comes to the fore-mast head, consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support.

¹⁰ The *cap* is a strong thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a ship are those of the lower masts.

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain:
Since I, all-trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
Even he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard";
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:

¹¹ The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast-head without being washed overboard.

Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock :
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak :
Ah, Heaven !—behold her crashing ribs divide !
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress ;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
The' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore the' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan :
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the' involving tide ;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach—a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief! the' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere:

All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, ' Oh protect my wife and child ! ' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the ' unfinish'd sound,
He gasps ! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along ;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile wayes endures :
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
' Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious ! from the wreck depart ?
Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die :
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.'
Thus thought Arion ; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly :
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away ;
Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed !
And, groaning, cling upon the ' elusive weed ;
Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
Arion sinks ! and Memory views no more.

Ha ! total night and horror here preside,
My stun'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide ;
It is their funeral knell ! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear :
But lo ! emerging from the watery grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd !

And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on the' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd ! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore ;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :
Awhile they wait the' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet !—
O Heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow ;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise ;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

Roused by the blustering tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height ;
When, gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood—
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground :
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts ;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they
The' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide. [hied,

Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath, explore
The first adventurous youth who reach'd the shore :

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul;
' If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown!
Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate;
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractured with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade;
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head;
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung pourtray'd;
The' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd:
Palemon then, with equal pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
' O, rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie,

Are we then, exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes ! for ever now destroy'd ;
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in ten-fold night—
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone,
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !
Such dire effects from avarice arise ;
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul :
But, O THOU SACRED POWER ! whose law con-
The' eternal chain of causes and effects, [nects
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age :
And you, Arion ! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah ! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore
When parted hence, to England's distant shore,
Shouldst thou, the' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
Oh ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress ;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain :

Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend—
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But, oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale;
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it! and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save.

' My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
But strives in vain; the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath;
Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, prevail no more.

' When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear;
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd;
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
That heal the afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad SHIPWRECK tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befell:

Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop the' unconscious tear ;
 Oh ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain ¹² !

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
 That now inactive to the palate clung ;
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies !
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
 Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay ;
 Transfix'd he stood ; with awful terror fill'd,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd :—

‘ O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth !
 Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth ;
 Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
 He will obey, though painful, thy command ;
 His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day :
 Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred,
 What anguish to the living and the dead !
 How hast thou left the widow all forlorn ;
 And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
 Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
 Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
 But, O my soul ! avoid that wondrous maze
 Where reason, lost in endless error, strays ;
 As through this thorny vale of life we run,
 Great CAUSE of all Effects, THY WILL BE DONE !

¹² ‘ ————— sed scilicet ultima semper
 Expectanda dies homini ; dicique beatus
 Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.’

Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived,
To aid the helpless few who yet survived ;
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead ;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined :
The generous natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY;

IN WHICH THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE IS
CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is closed ! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear ;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains, [fear.
And dumb Suspense awaits, o'erwhelm'd with

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore ;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon ! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

From young Arion first the news received
With terror, pale unhappy Anna read ;
With inconsolable distress she grieved,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled ;

In vain, alas ! the gentle Virgin wept,
Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom ;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb :
A longer date of woe, the widow'd Wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore ;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
Before Arion reached his native shore :
The Father unrelenting frenzy stung,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear ;
Severe remorse his tortured bosom wrung,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.
Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more ;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore ;
On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In Winter's dismal nights no more shall beat ;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat :
No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home :
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam ;
No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume,
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom ;
No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe ;
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year :

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line :
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble, when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep ;
Oh ! happier now escaped to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep :

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell ;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing-bell ;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart ;
And oft, alas ! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart :

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause ;
What though no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause ;

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name ;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of Vice with never-dying fame—

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere ;
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

Miscellanies.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

AID me, kind Muse! so whimsical a theme,
 No poet ever yet pursued for fame;
 Boldly I venture on a naval scene,
 Nor fear the critic's frown, the pedant's spleen:
 Sons of the ocean, we their rules disdain,
 Our bosom's honest, and our style is plain:
 Let Homer's heroes and his gods delight,
 Let Milton with infernal legions fight;
 His favourite warrior, polish'd Virgil show;
 With love and wine luxurious Horace glow—
 Be such their subjects; I another choose,
 As yet neglected by the laughing Muse.

Deep in that fabric, where Britannia boasts
 O'er seas to waft her thunder, and her hosts,
 A cavern lies! unknown to cheering day;
 Where one small taper lends a feeble ray:
 Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,
 And careless mortals frolic in her train—
 Bending beneath a hammock's friendly shade,
 See Æsculapius all in arms display'd;
 In his right hand the' impending steel he holds,
 The other, round the trembling victim folds;
 His gaping myrmidon the deed attends,
 Whilst in the pot the crimson stream descends;

Unawed, young Galen bears the hostile brunt,
Pills in his rear, and Cullen in his front;
Whilst, muster'd round the medicinal pile,
Death's grim militia stand in rank and file.

In neighbouring mansions, lo! what clouds arise,
It half conceals its owner from our eyes;
One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
To prove the MID in high Olympus dines;
Let us approach—the preparation view!
A Cockpit-Beau is surely something new:
To him Japan her varnish'd joys denies;
Nor bloom for him the sweets of eastern skies:
His rugged limbs no lofty mirror shows,
Nor tender couch invites him to repose:
A pigmy glass upon his toilet stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er, by awkward clumsy hands;
Chesterfield's page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
A half-eat biscuit, Congreve's Mourning-Bride,
Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to the' intruding eye—
At length this meteor of an hour is dress'd,
And rises an Adonis from his chest:
Cautious he treads, lest some unluckly slip
Defile his clothes with burgoo, or with flip:
These rocks escaped, arrivés *in statu quo*;
Bows; dines and bows; then sinks again below.

Not far from hence a joyous group are met,
For social mirth and sportive pastime set;
In cheering grog the rapid course goes round,
And not a care in all the circle's found;
Promotion, mess-debts, absent friends, and love
Inspired by hope, in turn their topics prove:
To proud superiors then, they each look up,
And curse all discipline in ample cup.

Hark! yonder voice in hollow murmur falls;
Hark! yonder voice the MID to duty calls!
Thus summon'd by the gods, he deigns to go,
But first makes known his consequence below:
At slavery rails, scorns lawless sway to hell,
And damns the power allow'd a white lapel:
Vows that he's free!—to stoop, to cringe disdains—
Ascends the ladder, and resumes his chains.

In canvass'd birth, profoundly deep in thought,
His busy mind with sines and tangents fraught,
A MID reclines!—in calculation lost!
His efforts still by some intruder cross'd:
Now to the longitude's vast height he soars,
And now formation of lobsious explores;
Now o'er a field of logarithms bends,
And now, to make a pudding he pretends:
At once the sage, the hero, and the cook,
He wields the sword, the saucepan, and the book.
Opposed to him a sprightly messmate lolls,
Declaims with Garrick, or with Shuter drolls:
Sometimes his breast great Cato's virtue warms,
And then his task the gay Lothario charms;
Cleone's griefs his tragic feelings wake,
With Richard's pangs the 'Orlopian caverns shake!
No more the mess for other joys repine,
When pea-soup entering, shows 'tis time to dine.

But think not meanly of this humble seat,
Whence sprung the guardians of the British fleet;
Revere the sacred spot, however low,
Which form'd to martial acts—a Hawke! a Howe!

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGH-
NESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of War's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the listening world in awe)
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre;
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.

Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known,
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl murmuring through the
grove;

Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wandering through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead;
To' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When Winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile;

¹ By *awe* here, is meant *attention*.

When rills unbound began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song ;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson die,
Began to bloom——
Hard fate ! then, noble Frederic, didst thou die :
Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,
The' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see ;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage ;
No cooling medicine can its heat allay,
Relentless destiny cries, ' No delay.'
Ye powers ! and must a prince so noble die ?
(Whose equal breathes not under the' ambient sky :)
Ah ! must he die, then, in youth's full-bloom prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring time ?
Yes, fate has doom'd ! his soul now leaves its
weight,
And all are under the decree of fate ;
The' irrevocable doom of destiny
Pronounced, ' All mortals must submissive die.'
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries :
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound :
A dismal noise !—Now one promiscuous roar
Cries, ' Ah ! the noble Frederic is no more !'
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath ;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death :
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity !
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs ;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings :
The soul to distant regions steers her flight,
And sails incumbent on inferior night :

With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine for ever in the heavenly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band !
In mournful pomp they march along the strand :
The noble chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe ;
Disconsolate, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd isle ! forsaken and forlorn ! [beats ;
With desperate hands her bleeding breasts she
While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threatens.
She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
Thy muses' patron, and thy merchants' friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief ?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief ?
To' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow ?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injured just, return his own ?
From usury and oppression who shall guard
The helpless, and the threatening ruin ward ?
Alas ! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan ?
Impending desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground :
The blooming Spring droops her enamell'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flowers all fade :

The sprouting leaves already drop away !
Languish the living herbs with pale decay :
The bowing trees, see ! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death :
Wrapt in the' expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters through the' aërial way :
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.

Some Power avert the threatening horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state !
Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul ;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds control !
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.

Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war !
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around !
His fame, through every distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung :
So sable smoke, in volumes curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky :
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around the' admiring, venerating world.
So the benighted wanderer on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day ;
Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpse does glimmer through the
gloom :

In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death ;
Irregular wild chimeras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step control :

Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream ;
Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on the' illumined day ;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confused and lost within the excessive blaze.

ODE

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM
ENGLAND AS REAR-ADMIRAL.

(Written aboard the Royal George.)

AGAIN the royal streamers play !
To glory Edward hastes away :
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where pleasure's sprightly throng await !
Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state !
Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain !
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age ;
Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting symphonies congenial play !
Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of peace, farewell !
In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable displays ;
In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
Where Spring's unfading bloom arrays :
In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow ;

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore :
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can please ;
His throbbing bosom beats to arms, [seas.
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry

Though danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that Honour steers,
Unmoved he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay :
His country calls ; to guard her laws,
Lo ! every joy the gallant youth resigns ;
The' avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines :
Hark ! his sprightly clarions play ;
Follow where he leads the way !
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
The thorny course of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice :
Severe, indeed, the' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardours to subdue :
For pleasure Venus' lovely form assumed ;
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Tranfix'd, amazed,
Alcides gazed :
Enchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confess'd
The' alternate passions in his breast :

Her swelling bosom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fired,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
A thousand flattering thoughts inspired :
Persuasion's sweetest language hung
In melting accent on her tongue :
Deep in his heart the winning tale
Infused a magic power ;
She press'd him to the rosy vale,
And show'd the' Elysian bower :
Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
Conducts him blushing to the bless'd alcove :
Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
And won by love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

Assist, ye guardian powers above !
From ruin save the son of Jove !
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame ;
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whose point the magnet's influence feels,
Inspired with awe,
He turning saw
The nymph divine
Transcendent shine ;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And love, regret, and hope, divide his soul.
But soon her words his pain destroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Retuned by her celestial art,
Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.

Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realm explore
Where guilt and error are no more :
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath dispelling, melt away :
Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :
Convinced, resolved, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won :
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France :
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !
The watery profound,
Awaked by the sound,
All trembles around ;
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields :
High on the deck behold he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join :
They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
Deep-sounding, swells along the main,
Extend the' embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier oyer tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy ;

The sailors all burn to engage :
Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies,
Exulting with Bacchanal rage !
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine !
And when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !
Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
Let thy hills and vales rejoice :
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known,
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone ;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe control :
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
To thy great trust
Severely just,
All dissonant strife they disclaim :
To meet the foe
Their bosoms glow,
Who only are rivals in fame.
For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !
Triumphant strike each living string ;
For him in ecstasy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing !
For him your festive concerts breathe !
For him your flowery garlands wreath !
Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
Ye fauns of the woods,
Ye nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong !

Ye silvans that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord ;
Ye tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your lord !
Till all the wild numbers combined,
That floating proclaim
Our admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind !

O ! while consenting Britons praise,
These votive measures deign to hear ;
For thee the muse awakes her lays,
For thee the' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious chief ! refuse
The incense of a nautic muse !
For ah ! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main ?
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is impress'd ;
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came !
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow ;
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Prefer'd his suit to thee alone :
The tale your sacred pity moved ;
You felt, consented, and approved.
Then touch my strings, ye bless'd Pierian quire !
Exalt to rapture every happy line !
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,
And swell each note with energy divine !

No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow !
Perhaps the chief to whom I sing,
May yet ordain auspicious days
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
Though disciplined by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents express ?
To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong :
Source of my hope, and patron of thy song !

THE FOND LOVER.

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of every charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
In bright idea lives :
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create ?

Since all her thoughts, by sense refined,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress ?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills ;
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy ?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Should vital peace destroy ?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey ;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh ?
For then my blood forgets to move ;
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire ;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O ! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee ;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May ;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

But ah ! Miranda ! without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me :
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honour fair !
Serenely sweet as vernal air !
Come to my arms ; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.

O come ! and to my bleeding heart
Thy sovereign balm of love impart ;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring !

THE DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the' attempt in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides Sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour :
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of fate to bar her way :
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unawed,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,

The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await;
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate :
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly :
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the' incautious victim to destroy :
And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name :
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming-vermin dart their feeble stings :
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly,
Enclosed with perils thus, the conscious muse,
Alarm'd, though undismay'd, her danger views,
Nor shall unmanly terror now control
The strong resentment struggling in her soul,
While Indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on power's imperial stage ;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand ;
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword Rebellion draws ?
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire ?
Honour forbid ! she fears no threatening foe,
When conscious justice bids her bosom glow :
And while she kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame !

She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
Though guiltless yet of Satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brow a tawdry paper-crown !
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great monarch-ass through Gotham bray !
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces self-explored :
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway ;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless muse
Through reason's path her steady course pursues ;
True to herself, advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal ;
So the rank ulcers that our Patriot load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient slumber Satire wakes,
And brandishes the' avenging scourge of snakes ;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display ;
Let candour own the' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour !
Let truth consenting, with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim !
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd ;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth,
Unknown to guile, was sanctified by truth !

How oft I bless'd the patriot's honest rage,
That greatly dared to lash the guilty age ;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along ;
That power's big torrent braved with manly pride,
And all corruption's venal arts defied !
When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise ;
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow ;
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame ;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believed all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
If truth with error ever could agree !
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas ! that virtue should so soon decay,
And faction's wild applause thy heart betray !
The muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments.
But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction through the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost power
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to corruption's slippery road ;
There was a time our Patriot durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the' insatiate German vulture rail !

Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore !
The mists of error, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo ! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave ; [weight
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous
Drags down the struggling victim to her fate !
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze !
For, lo ! possess'd of power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains !
Alas ! how soon the steady Patriot turns !
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns !
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the' accurs'd Westphalian drain,
Then ceased to flow ; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey !
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away !
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
Whateyes ne'ersaw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand !
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan :
By sympathy she fevers with her fires,
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true :
Swoln with success, and with applause inflamed,
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd ;

Arm'd with war's thunder, he embraced no more
Those patriot-principles maintain'd before.
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent, and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
He once devoted all his powers to brand !

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes
On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise ;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
And agonized as in the mortal hour :
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish on contagious soils,
To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
And sent to fall in battles not their own.
The' enormous debt at home, though long o'er-
charged,

With grievous burdens annually enlarged :
Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
That suck, like vampires, every bleeding wound :
Ground with severe distress the' industrious poor,
Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
In secret, and with inward sorrow groans ;
Though deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
Can yet some impious parricide appear,
Who strives to make this anguish more severe ?
Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow ?

There can :—to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs !
Shameless of front, impatient of control,
He spurs her onward to destruction's goal !
Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,

Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land :
Still to new wars the public eye he turns ;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns ;
Till press'd with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd ;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.

Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame :
Then hearing modest diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose ;
And while big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.

But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assumed, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart :
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own ;
Betray'd her interest, and abused his trust ;
Then, deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust ;
With tragic mummery and most vile grimace,
Rode through the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a patriot out of place !
Insults his generous prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway !
In foreign climes embroils him with allies !
And bids at home the flames of discord rise !

She comes ! from hell the exulting fury springs !
With grim destruction sailing on her wings !
Around her scream an hundred harpies fell !
An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell !

From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
 Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
 Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
 And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
 Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
 Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene !
 While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
 Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear :
 From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
 And every little sting attempts to harm.
 Here Chaplains, Privileges, moulder round,
 And feeble Scourges² rot upon the ground :
 Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
 By Grub-street slander to extend his name :
 At Bruin flies the slaving, snarling cur,
 But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
 Here Baldwin spreads the' assassinating cloke,
 Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke ;
 While, gorged with filth, around this senseless
 block,

A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock ;
 While his demure Welsh Goat, with lifted hoof,
 In Poet's Corner hangs each flimsy woof ;
 And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
 On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
 Here, seized with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
 Too low, alas ! for satire's whip to reach,
 From his black entrails, faction's common sewer,
 Disgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the Muse
 The thundering storms that rage around her views ;

² Certain poems intended to be very satirical ; but, alas !
 —we refer our reader to the Reviews.

Impartial views the tides of discord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,
Would eye the' opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
Let freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall !
Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, ' Down with Bute !'
While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians ! ' Liberty and Wilkes.'
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give ;
Support his slander, and his wants relieve !
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wisdom all to him submit !
Let proud Ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear !
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array !
While coward Justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet !
Nor here let Censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muse has stray'd :
Sometimes the' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant bursting, swamps the' adjacent grounds ;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Through the deep channel still pursues its way.
Our pilot, now retired, no pleasure knows,
But every man and measure to oppose ;
Like Æsop's cur, still snarling and perverse,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who advise contend :

He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes³ :
Swallows the pension ; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to save,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But should some frantic wretch, whom all men
know

To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to shame and friendship's social tie ;
Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath ;
With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs ;
Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin !
Forbid it, Heaven ! thou canst not be so base,
To blast thy name with infamous disgrace !
The muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not so black a thought anticipate :
By Heaven ! the muse her ignorance betrays ;
For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
Though gorged and glutted with his country's store,
The vulture pounces on the shining ore ;
In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.

The great, the' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, strikes Expectation dumb.
O ! patient, injured England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and listen to the muse's tale,

³ See anecdotes of Lucca Pitt, a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, in 'Machiavel's History of Florence,' 1753.

That, true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart !

Ere yet the desolating god of war
Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep ' To arms !'
In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
Beyond the' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas ! poor country, how with pangs unknown,
To Britain did thy filial bosom groan !
What savage armiès did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid !
Thy cottages with cruel flames consumed,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd ;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn !
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain !
What infants bled ! what virgins shriek'd in vain !
In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes ;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew ;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone :
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe :
Nor ceased, till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet⁴.

⁴ See Marine Dictionary, article Cartel, and a letter

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes removed,
Her fertile grounds industriously improved,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
crown'd,
And plenty smiling on her plains around ;
Thus bless'd with all that commerce could supply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the parent who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate ;
Who now with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood ;
Who now of her demands that tribute due,
For whom alone the' avenging sword she drew.

Scarce had America the just request
Received, when, kindling in her faithless breast,
Resentment glows, enraged sedition burns,
And lo ! the mandate of our laws she spurns !
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame ;
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies ;
O'er all her coasts is heard the' audacious roar,
' England shall rule America no more.'

Soon as on Britain's shore the' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd ;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons, who thus rebell'd :
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,

from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and
Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce
Trade, Aug. 24, 1760.

Determin'd not to draw her penal steel,
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling patriot cast her eye :
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws ;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid the' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where the' amazing theme to hit,
Discover language or ideas fit ? [ger,

Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, or swag-
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger ?

Our patriot comes!—with frenzy fired, the muse
With allegoric eye his figure views :

Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands !

Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
' A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark !'

And lo ! the' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck !

On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.

Our patriot comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.

Repeat his name in thunder to the skies !

Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise !

Through faction's wilderness prepare the way !

Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey !

The idol of the mob, behold him stand,

The alpha and omega of the land !

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue

Dumb-founding declamations disembogue,

Expressions of immeasurable length,

Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength ;

Where fulminating rumbling eloquence,
 With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense ;
 And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
 Exasperated metaphors convey !
 With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
 He bids enraged Sedition beat the charge ;
 From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
 And lists to guide in Insurrection's cause.
 And lo ! where in her sacrilegious hand,
 The parricide lifts high her burning brand !
 Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
 With those infernal lungs arouse the flame !
 Though England merits not her least regard,
 Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward !
 Arise, embark ! prepare thy martial car,
 To lead her armies, and provoke the war !
 Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
 The signal her black ensigns to display⁵:

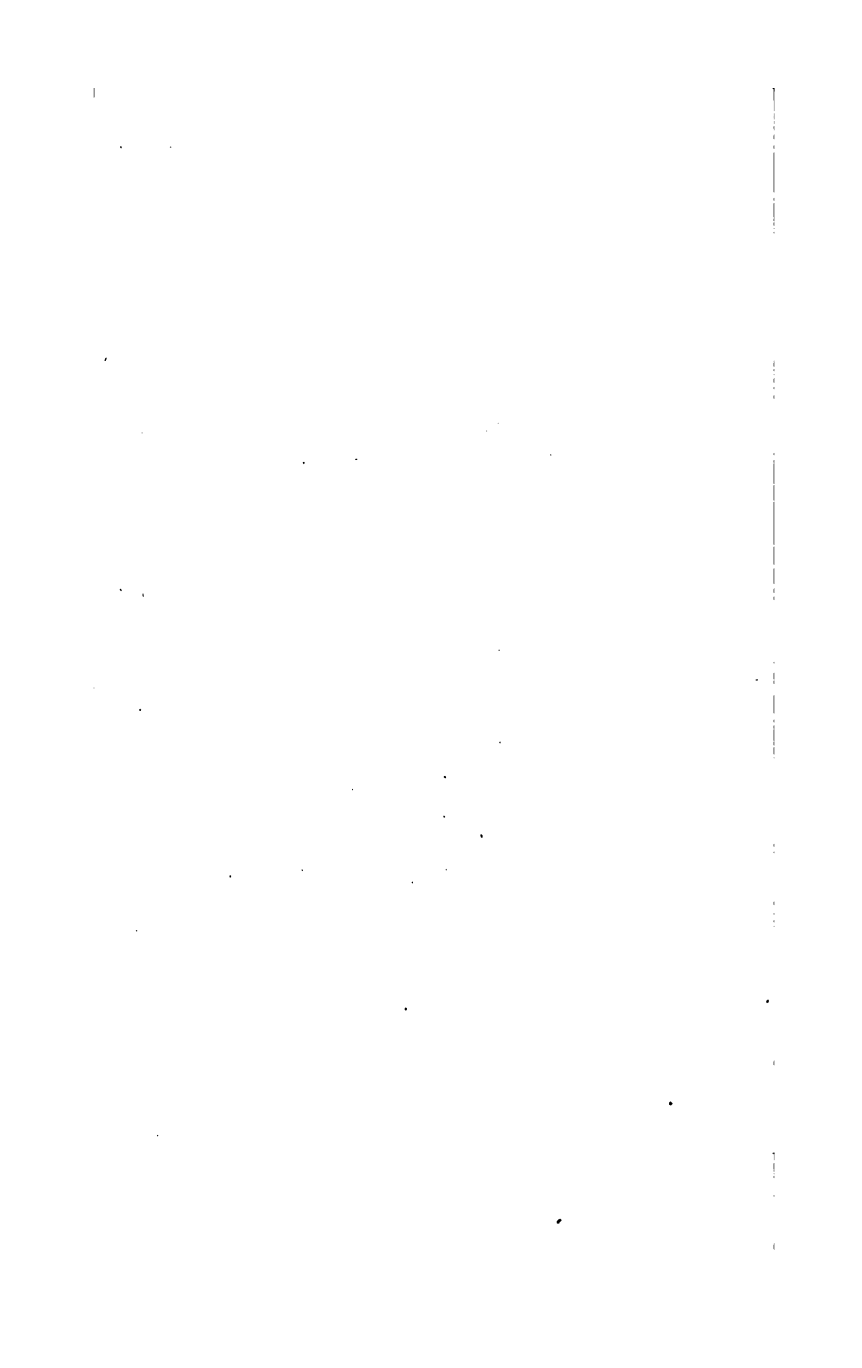
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To thee, whose soul, all stedfast and serene,
 Beholds the tumults that distract our scene ;
 And, in the calmer seats of wisdom placed,
 Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste ;
 To thee, O Marius ! whom no factions sway,
 The' impartial muse devotes her honest lay !
 In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
 Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name :
 Sooner shall Churchill's feeble meteor-ray,
 That led our foundering demagogue astray,
 Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
 Eclipse great Mansfield's strong meridian light,

⁵ See account of the fall of Lucca Pitt, in 'Machiavel's History of Florence.'

Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
 Thy generous friendship in my heart efface.
 O ! whether wandering from thy country far,
 And plunged amid the murdering scenes of war ;
 Or in the bless'd retreat of virtue laid,
 Where contemplation spreads her awful shade ;
 If ever to forget thee I have power,
 May Heaven desert me at my latest hour !
 Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
 And throb with irresistible alarms :
 Like some full river, charged with falling showers,
 Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours ;
 But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
 With their strong flood-gates bar the' impetuous
 tide.

* * * * *



THE
POEMS
OF
Thomas Day.



THE
LIFE OF THOMAS DAY.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THOMAS DAY was born on the twenty-second of June, 1748, in Wellclose-square, London. He was the offspring of his father's second marriage, with Miss Jane Bonham, a woman of more than ordinary intellectual powers. Day was only thirteen months old when his father died, leaving to him a fortune of 1200*l.* a year. The loss of one parent was, however, in some degree made up to him by the constant and enlightened attention of the other, who watched over the formation of his youthful mind, and early habituated him to those corporeal exertions which give vigour to the frame. Having received the rudiments of his education at a school at Stoke Newington, he was sent to the Charter House, where, under the tuition of Dr. Crusius, he continued till his sixteenth year. He then removed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and remained there three years as a gentleman commoner. He quitted Oxford without taking a degree. At the university he numbered among his friends Mr. Jones, afterwards Sir William Jones, and many other excellent men, and accomplished scholars.

In the month of February, 1765, he was admitted of the Middle Temple; but it was not until 1779 that he was called to the bar, nor did he ever pay any serious attention to the business of the profession. At times he spoke of it as a resource, should

his fortune be lost or dissipated; but it is probable that he valued and pursued the study of the law no further than as it was necessary to enable him to become thoroughly acquainted with the constitutional principles of the British government.

His fortune was, in fact, ample enough to prevent his being compelled to encounter the labours of the bar. It was originally more than sufficient for a man of his moderate desires, and, during his long minority, it had been greatly increased by careful accumulation. On his coming of age, his first act was one of affection and generosity. His mother, while he was a child, had re-married to a Mr. Phillips, and she frequently expressed her fears that, as her jointure was her husband's sole dependance, he might, perhaps, be left destitute in the decline of life. Though, by the narrowness of his mind, and by a busy, teizing interference in matters with which he had no concern, Mr. Phillips had done much to disgust him, yet Day not only made a liberal addition to his mother's jointure, but also quieted her alarm, by settling it upon her husband, in case of her decease.

To contemplate, in all their varieties, the characters of men was one of his earliest objects. In 1766, while yet at Oxford, he took a journey into Wales, hoping, perhaps, to find there that pastoral innocence which poets have depicted; and when, at the close of his minority, he became his own master, he visited the continent. Convinced, however, that by hurrying through a country nothing is to be learned of it, he determined to become a resident in various places. At each of the cities of Paris, Avignon, and Lyons, he spent a winter; one summer was passed in the Austrian Netherlands, and another in Holland. His benevolence won him every where the affection of the poor, and rendered his departure a subject of lasting regret. At Lyons a curious circumstance

occurred. In that city his bounty to the poor had been extensive; and the consequence was, that, when he was on the point of setting off, a large body of them waited on him, to request that he would leave behind him a sum of money, for the supply of their future wants. By no other people than the French could such a request have been made. It is probable that the experience which he acquired during his travels did not tend to conciliate him towards many of the customs and institutions of society, or even to place human nature itself in a very favourable light.

Miss Seward thus describes his person and mind, as they were on his return from the continent, "Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentlemen. Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall, and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazel eyes; yet when he declaimed,

"Of good and evil,
Passion, and apathy, and glory, and shame,"

very expressive were the energies glancing from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. Edgeworth, but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common place society, that marked his character."—"Even at that period, 'when youth, elate and gay, steps into life,' Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly

imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here, or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a confirmed deist. Most unlike Dr. Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also, in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things, he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him. He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind. Ever despicable in his estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the Graces."

Who was the object of Day's early and rejected attachment is not known. That he loved her with all the ardour of passion is obvious, from the language of the elegy which he addressed to her, and from the acuteness of his feelings when he became certain of her fickleness or coldness. Disgusted and irritated by his disappointment, he resolved to seek no more for a partner among the circles of fashion. To obtain such a wife as he wished for, "with a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy, simple as a mountain girl in her dress, her diet, and manners, and fearless and intrepid as

the Spartan wives and Roman heroines," it was necessary that he should himself form her mind. To realize the vision of his fancy, he adopted a most eccentric plan, which was, perhaps, one of those that, at a maturer age, he justly characterized as "the extravagancies of a warm heart and a strong imagination." Accompanied by his friend Mr. Bicknell, he visited the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, from which, on certain written conditions, he was allowed to select two beautiful girls, each twelve years old, the one a brunette, the other fair, whom he purposed to educate, according to his own ideas and those of Rousseau, and one of whom was ultimately to become his wife.

With these females, to whom he gave the names of Lucretia and Sabrina, he immediately went over to France, and, that they might receive no impressions but such as he chose to give, he went unattended by an English servant. After having suffered much vexation from the sickness of his pupils, and from their slow progress under his system, he returned, at the end of eight months, to England; and, as Sabrina had by this time become the favourite, Lucretia was provided for, according to the agreement into which he had entered. For twelve months longer he persevered in his task; but nature set at nought all the efforts of the philosopher. He could neither inspire Sabrina with a love of science, nor teach her to despise danger and pain, to suppress her fears, and to rise superior to what he considered as the weaknesses of her sex. Convinced, at length, of the impossibility of converting her into a sage and a heroine, he desisted from the attempt, relinquished his design of making her his wife, and placed her at a boarding school at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. His lessons, however, were not wholly lost. Both his pupils conducted themselves with the strictest propriety in the single state, married advan-

tageously, and performed, in an exemplary manner, their conjugal duties.

While he was trying this hopeless experiment, a deep impression was made upon his heart by the charms and moral worth of Miss Honora Sneyd, with whom he was in the habit of conversing daily. In her favour he abandoned his prejudices against females educated in the usual mode. He offered her his hand. As a man of talent and virtue she admired him, as a friend she warmly esteemed him, and she strove to love him as a suitor, but to love is not an act of the will. He then transferred his regard to her younger sister, Elizabeth, who told him that she could have given him her affection "had he acquired the manners of the world, instead of his austere singularities of air, habit, and address." For her sake he endeavoured to make an attempt to obtain those accomplishments which he had hitherto despised. He went to Paris for twelve months, employed fencing and dancing masters, and regulated his dress by the standard of fashion. His efforts were fruitless. When he returned, the heart of Elizabeth was so far from being touched by his altered appearance, that she frankly acknowledged that she thought him changed for the worse. He had impaired the rude dignity of the philosopher, without gaining the polished elegance of the fine gentleman. The Tuscan column looked ridiculous with a Corinthian capital. Thus foiled, he gave up his hopes, resumed his accustomed plain manners and garb, and revisited the continent, where he continued for another year.

In 1773 he came back to his native country, and took up his residence in London. At length he met with a female who had a mind congenial to his own. This was Miss Esther Milnes, a woman of elegant person and manners, cultivated understanding, liberal sentiments, and a benevolent heart. She soon be-

came tenderly attached to him, but, though he was not insensible to her merit and her tenderness, his frequent disappointments had rendered him suspicious of the sex, and several years elapsed before he could resolve to ask her whether her love was strong enough to induce her to retire wholly with him from fashionable society, and spend the remainder of her days in rural seclusion. To conditions from which others would have shrunk she gladly assented. They were accordingly married in 1773. Before the ceremony took place, however, he insisted that her fortune, which was equal to his own, should be settled upon herself, beyond the possibility of his control, that nothing might stand in the way of her once more joining the gay circles of the metropolis, in case her resolution of permanently renouncing them should chance to fail. The precaution was a noble one, but it was entirely unnecessary.

The situation of Mrs. Day, after her marriage, is represented in a very unfavourable light by Miss Seward. "No carriage; no appointed servant," says she, "about Mrs. Day's person; no luxury of any sort. Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music books. Frequent experiments upon her temper, and her attachment, were made by him, whom she lived but to obey and love. Over these she often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the strictest fetters as to the incapacity of claiming separate maintenance, ever made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independence had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a *duty*."

This story has every appearance of being a calumny. It is not confirmed by Miss Seward's personal knowledge; for the subject of it then resided in a part of the kingdom far distant from Litchfield. It is ren-

dered grossly improbable by the known equity of Day's character, and still more so by the circumstance of his wife having always regarded him with an almost idolatrous fondness, and having speedily sunk into the grave, of a broken heart, in consequence of his untimely death. Love is not nourished in the breast of any human being by caprice and tyranny; and though virtue may secure the fidelity and obedience of an ill-treated wife, even virtue itself cannot prevent her affection from expiring under the repeated blows of harshness and injustice. If ever Day did try the strange and unjustifiable experiments which have been mentioned, it must have been immediately subsequent to his marriage, when he was desirous of ascertaining whether the possession of independence had made his wife less careful to consult his feelings and his wishes. But even of this there is no proof. One of the recent biographers of Day has, however, repeated the whole story with the most undoubting confidence.

From Stapleford Abbots, in Essex, where they dwelt for some time after their marriage, they removed to Anningsley, near Chertsey, in Surry. At Anningsley, Day occupied a farm of about two hundred acres. Ever active in benevolence, his first object was to improve the condition of the poor around him. He conversed with them, he enquired into their sorrows and wants, he furnished them with food, with clothing, and with medicines; he procured advice for them from London when they were dangerously ill, he employed those who were unable to find employment, and he occasionally took into service, in his own house, some who were too infirm and sickly to hope for occupation in any other quarter. In these charitable labours, Mrs. Day was his constant and delighted assistant. When not engaged in the business of his farm, or in offices of humanity,

part of his mornings, and a still larger part of his afternoons, was spent in study, or in social and literary conversation with a few chosen friends.

Though Day had no political ambition, and was enrolled in no party, he took, with the spirit of an independent Englishman, a share in the political discussions of the troubled period in which he lived. A parliamentary reform he thought to be absolutely necessary, and he attended at the meetings to promote it, which were held in the counties of Essex and Cambridge. At those meetings he was conspicuous for the eloquence and energy of his speeches. But, though he was a zealous reformer, his zeal was not unguided by judgment; he was a sincere friend of our mixed constitution, and he has left on record his dislike of "calmly and deliberately demolishing the whole frame of government, for the sake of making an experiment."

The life of Day was cut short, in its prime, by an accident which arose from his kindness to animals. He was fond of horses, and believed that, unless spoiled by previous cruelty from men, they were never disobedient or vicious. Having reared and constantly fed a favourite foal, he would not trust it in the hands of a horse breaker, but resolved himself to undertake the task of breaking it in. Unaccustomed to a rider, the horse plunged, threw him to the ground, and, by a kick upon the head, instantaneously killed him. This fatal event took place in the forty-second year of his age, on the 28th of September, 1789, as he was riding from Anningsley to his mother's house at Bare-hill. The family vault at Wargrave, in Berkshire, was the place of his interment. He had no children. "It was said," relates Miss Seward, "that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave

her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken hearted, for his loss."

The poetical works of Day are the *Dying Negro*, the *Devoted Legions*, and the *Desolation of America*, published in the years 1773, 1776, and 1777. These were succeeded by the following political-prose compositions: "Reflections upon the present state of England, and the independence of America, 1782;" "The Letters of Marius, or Reflections upon the Peace, the East India Bill, and the present Crisis, 1784;" "Fragment of a Letter on the Slavery of the Negroes;" "A Dialogue between a Justice of Peace and a Farmer, 1785;" and "A Letter to Arthur Young, Esq. on the Bill then depending in Parliament to prevent the Exportation of Wool, 1788." His other works are, "The History of Sandford and Merton," and the "History of Little Jack." Of these the former was published in separate volumes, which appeared in 1783, 1786, and 1789.

The prose works of Day do not here call for any lengthened criticism. His political tracts are the production of an intelligent and informed mind, feeling a strong interest in its subject, and clothing cogent arguments in animated and appropriate language. *Sandford and Merton* seems likely to enjoy an enduring reputation. It contains that variety of adventure, and is written in that style, which cannot fail to render it a favourite with those for whose use it is intended. The morality of it is unexceptionable, and the lessons which it gives are well calculated to excite in the youthful breast a spirit of fortitude, benevolence, and independence. The *History of Little Jack* is a pleasing story, written on the same system, but designed for persons of the labouring classes.

The poetical merit of Day is considerable. Though he cannot claim a place among the mighty masters

of the lyre, he is entitled to hold a respectable station among the minor poets. The period at which he wrote was not fertile in eminent poetical talent; and he is, perhaps, equal to any of his contemporaries, and superior to many of them. The Dying Negro was written in conjunction with his friend Mr. Bicknell, and has more unity of thought and style than would be expected from the joint labour of two authors. It would not indeed, without some aid, be easy to discriminate the parts which belong to the different writers. On the whole, however, the composition of Day is superior to that of his friend. But the poem throughout is above mediocrity. The character of the negro, "firm in his love, resistless in his hate," is conceived and supported with energy; and his bursts of tenderness, of rage, of despair, and of vengeance, are delineated with a masterly hand. This poem has been frequently reprinted, and to its authors belongs the praise of having contributed to draw down the public hatred upon an infamous traffic, in the guilt of which this country, happily for its fame, has now ceased to participate.

To the Dying Negro I prefer, however, the Devoted Legions. Of the latter poem it may, I think, justly be said, "*that strain was of a higher mood.*" In the dignity of its subject it has greatly the advantage, and the language and the versification are worthy of the theme. The sacred office of the augur, the inspiration under which he acts, the gloomy solemnity of his predictions, the vast extent of the ruin which he threatens, and the magnificence of the scene, which is thronged with the departing Roman legions and the Roman people, all conspire to produce a powerful effect upon the mind. This effect is certainly heightened by the circumstance of the prophecy being intended to apply to England, and having been, in some measure, verified by the melancholy events of Saratoga and York Town; an

application which, in the poem itself, the poet has judiciously forborne to point out, but which the reader immediately makes.

The poem of *The Desolation of America* is not now to be procured; at least, after a long search in all quarters, I have been unable to find a copy of it. It was published as a quarto pamphlet, a form which may almost be considered as consecrated to oblivion. From the parts of it which are preserved in the *Reviews*, it appears to be an animated composition. The following picture of Tyranny will shew that the poetical spirit of the author had sustained no diminution. Of the two forcible lines which conclude it, the prototype may, perhaps, be found in Milton's sublime description of Death:—

“ ————— black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.”

If, however, Day have imitated, it must be owned that he has imitated like a man of genius.

“ Fallen, but not crushed, the monster raised his head,
With renovated poisons, from his bed.
With tenfold rage he reared his crest on high,
And sable wings that darkened all the sky;
Bent the wide east with unresisted sway,
And blasted every virtue in his way.—
And now, no more by nature's bounds confined,
He spreads his dragon pinions to the wind.
The Genius of the West beholds him near,
And Freedom trembles at her last barrier.
In vain she deemed in this sequestered seat
To fix a refuge for her wandering feet;
To mark one altar sacred to her fame;
And save the ruins of the human name;
He comes, he comes, exulting in his force—
He comes, and desolation marks his course:
Gloomy as night, stern as the kindred forms
Of hell, and fiercer than a thousand storms.”

Of the lesser poems none are without merit. The

love elegy contains much beautiful imagery, and breathes the language of ardent passion : and the Stanzas on the failure of the attempt to obtain a parliamentary reform, flow in a strain of indignant and intrepid patriotism, which, in Day, was assuredly not affected, but came "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires." The epitaph on Dr. Small is far superior to Dr. Darwin's frigid composition, which was adopted in preference. It is inscribed on the poet's own tomb. Of the other pieces it is only necessary to say that, though they may not add to, they will at least not diminish, the poetical reputation of their author : they are always elegant, and may sometimes lay claim to higher praise.

ENCOMIUM ON DAY.



If pensive genius ever pour'd the tear
Of votive anguish o'er the poet's bier;
If drooping Britain ever knew to mourn
In silent sorrow o'er the patriot's urn;
Here let them weep their DAY's untimely doom,
And hang the fairest garlands o'er his tomb:
For never poet's hand did yet consign
So pure a wreath to Wirt's holy shrine;
For never patriot tried before to raise
His country's welfare on so firm a base;
Glory's bright form he taught her youth to see,
And bade them merit freedom—to be free!
No sculptured marble need his worth proclaim,
No herald's sounding style record his name;
For long as sense and virtue fame can give,
In his own works his deathless fame shall live.

THE
DYING NEGRO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem was occasioned by a fact which had recently happened at the time of its first publication, in 1773. A Negro, belonging to the Captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman, his fellow-servant, in order to effect his purpose, left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptized; but being detected and taken, he was sent on board the Captain's vessel then lying in the river; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to another voyage to America, he took an opportunity of stabbing himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended wife.

‘ ARM'D with thy sad last gift—the power to die !
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy ;
Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more ;
This weapon, even in chains, the brave can wield,
And vanquish'd quit triumphantly the field :
Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.
Yet while I tread that gulf's tremendous brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of sorrow close,
And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,

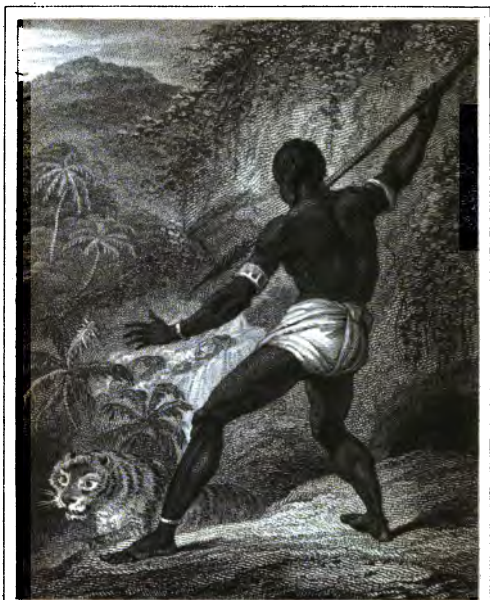
Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
To pause, and cast a lingering look behind?
O my loved bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
For thee even here this faithful heart shall glow,
A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow.—
How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heaven denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save.
Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe,
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.
' Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
Why didst thou fan the' inauspicious fire?
For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
For thee alone I could have borne to live;
And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
For persecuting foes, and faithless friends:
Fool that I was! enured so long to pain,
To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
Joy, stranger guest, my easy faith betray'd,
And Love now points to death's eternal shade;
There while I rest from misery's galling load,
Be thou the care of every pitying God;
Nor may that demon's unpropitious power,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the colour of thy fate.

For thee may those soft hours return again,
When Pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd thy path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view !
Ye meads, now glittering with the morning dew !
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder hated shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell !—I ask no vernal bloom—
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.
Let serpents hiss and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair !
 ' And better in the' untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than drag'd once more beyond the western main;
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
The slow enfranchisement of lingering fate,
Oh ! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When memory paints the picture of their woe !
For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
Roused by the lash, begin their cheerless way :
Greeting with groans unwelcome morn's return,
While rage and shame their gloomy bosoms burn :
And; chiding every hour the slow-paced sun,
Endure their toils till all his race was run ;
No eye to mark their sufferings with a tear,
No friend to comfort, and no hope to cheer ;
Then like the dull unpitied brutes repair
To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare ;
Thank Heaven, one day of misery was o'er,
And sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.—
Sleep on ! ye lost companions of my woes,
For whom in death this tear of pity flows ;

Sleep, and enjoy the only boon of Heaven
To you in common with your tyrants given !
O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
Still may the balmy blessing steep your eyes ;
In sweet oblivion lull awhile your woes,
And brightest visions gladden the repose !
Let Fancy, then, unconscious of the change,
Through our own fields and native forests range ;
Waft ye to each once-haunted stream and grove,
And visit every long-lost scene ye love !
I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade
Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid :
Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
To find each dear delusion fled at morn ;
A slow consuming death let others wait,
I snatch destruction from unwilling fate.
Yon ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame ;
Bright orb ! for others let thy glory shine,
Mature the golden grain and purple vine,
While fetter'd Afric still for Europe toils,
And Nature's plunderers riot on her spoils ;
Be theirs the gifts thy partial rays supply,
Be mine the gloomy privilege to die.

‘ And thou, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy Cross to my sad brows denied,
Forbade me Nature's common rights to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's sacred name,
Thou too, farewell !—for not beyond the grave
Extends thy power, nor is my dust thy slave.
In vain Heaven spread so wide the swelling sea,
Vast watery barrier, 'twixt thy world and me ;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor Heaven con-
Fly stern oppression, and dire lust of gold. [trol'd,





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Where'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody way,
Still nature groans, and man becomes their prey.
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion through his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in the chase,
There too Heaven planted man's majestic race;
Bade reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies.
What though the sun in his meridian blaze
Dart on their naked limbs his scorching rays:
What though no rosy tints adorn their face,
No silken tresses shine with flowing grace;
Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
And in their veins the tide of honour rolls:
And valour kindles there the hero's flame,
Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame;
And pity melts the sympathizing breast,
Ah! fatal virtue!—for the brave distress'd.

My tortured bosom, sad remembrance spare!
Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there?
And show me what I was, and aggravate despair?
Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade!
Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
Oft have I roused, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tiger, and the lion grim!
In vain they gloried in their headlong force,
My javelin pierced them in their raging course.
But little did my boding mind bewray,
The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
To human brutes more fell, more cruel far than they.
Ah! what avails the conqueror's bloody meed,
The generous purpose, or the dauntless deed!
This hapless breast expos'd on every plain,
And liberty prefer'd to life in vain?

Fallen are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
Myself become a thing without a name,
The sport of haughty lords, and even of slaves
the shame.

‘Curst be the winds, and curst the tides which bore
These European robbers to our shore !
O be that hour involved in endless night,
When first their streamers met my wondering sight !
I call’d the warriors from the mountain’s steep,
To meet these unknown terrors of the deep ;
Roused by my voice, their generous bosoms glow,
They rush indignant and demand the foe,
And poise the darts of death, and twang the
bended bow :

When lo ! advancing o’er the sea-beat plain,
I mark’d the leader of a warlike train ;
Unlike his features to our swarthy race ;
And golden hair play’d round his ruddy face,
While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
He thus accosts our unsuspecting band :
“ Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads
To martial combats, and heroic deeds,
No fierce invader your retreat explores,
No hostile banner waves along your shores,
From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,
Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed terrors by ;
And O, your hospitable cares extend,
So may ye never need the aid ye lend !
So may ye still repeat to every grove
The songs of freedom, and the strains of love !”
Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
We melt with pity, and unbend the bow ;
With liberal hand our choicest gifts we bring,
And point the wanderers to the freshest spring.

Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
And songs of friendship echoed o'er the land¹.
When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave :
" O, youth," he said, " what gifts can we bestow,
Or how requite the mighty debt we owe ?
For lo ! propitious to our vows, the gale
With milder omens fills the swelling sail.
To-morrow's sun shall see our ships explore
These deeps, and quit your hospitable shore.
Yet while we linger, let us still employ
The number'd hours in friendship and in joy :
Ascend our ships, their treasures are your own,
And taste the produce of a world unknown."
' He spoke ; with fatal eagerness we burn,—
And quit the shores, undestined to return !
The smiling traitors with insidious care
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm'd each fainting warrior lies.
O wretches ! to your future evils blind !
O morn for ever present to my mind !
When bursting from the treacherous bands of sleep,
Roused by the murmurs of the dashing deep,

¹ ' Which way soever I turned my eyes on this spot, I beheld a perfect image of pure nature, an agreeable solitude bounded on every side by charming landscapes ; the rural situation of cottages in the midst of trees ; the ease and indolence of the Negroes, reclined under the shade of their spreading foliage ; the simplicity of their dress and manners ; the whole revived in my mind the idea of our first parents, and I seemed to contemplate the world in its primitive state. They are, generally speaking, very good-natured, sociable, and obliging.—*M. Adanson's Voyage to Senegal, &c.*

I woke to bondage and ignoble pains,
 And all the horrors of a life in chains².
 Ye Gods of Afric! in that dreadful hour
 Where were your thunders and avenging power?
 Did not my prayers, my groans, my tears invoke
 Your slumbering justice to direct the stroke?
 No Power descended to assist the brave,
 No lightnings flash'd, and I became a slave.
 From lord to lord my wretched carcase sold,
 In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold:
 Fate's blackest clouds were gather'd o'er my head;
 And, bursting now, they mix me with the dead.
 ' Yet when my fortune cast my lot with thine,
 And bade beneath one roof our labours join,
 Surprised I felt the tumults of my breast
 Lull'd by thy beauties to unwonted rest.
 Delusive hopes my changing soul inflame,
 And gentler transports agitate my frame.
 What though obscure thy birth, superior grace
 Shone in the glowing features of thy face.

² ' As we passed along the coast we very often lay before a town, and fired a gun for the natives to come off, but no soul came near us. At length we learned by some ships that were trading down the coast, that the natives came seldom on board an English ship, for fear of being detained or carried off; yet at last some ventured on board; but if these chanced to spy any arms, they would all immediately take to their canoes, and make the best of their way home.'—*Smith's Voyage to Guinea*.

' It is well known that many of the European nations have, very unjustly and inhumanly, without any provocation, stolen away, from time to time, abundance of the people, not only on this coast, but almost every where in Guinea, who have come on board their ship in a harmless and confiding manner; these they have in great numbers carried away, and sold in the plantations.'—*J. Barbot's Description of Guinea*.

Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze;
And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
Thou, gentle virgin, thou didst not despise
The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
By Heaven abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
Thy generous love could every sorrow end,
In thee I found a mistress and a friend ;
Still as I told the story of my woes,
With heaving sighs thy lovely bosom rose ;
The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying soul :
Dear drops ! upon my bleeding heart, like balm
They fell, and soon my tortured mind grew calm ;
Then my loved country, parents, friends forgot,
Heaven I absolved, nor murmur'd at my lot ;
Thy sacred smiles could every pang remove,
And liberty became less dear than love.

‘ And I have loved thee with as pure a fire
As man e'er felt, or woman could inspire :
No pangs like these my pallid tyrants know,
Not such their transports, and not such their woe.
Their softer frames a feeble soul conceal,
A soul unused to pity or to feel ;
Damp'd by base lucre, and repell'd by fear,
Each nobler passion faintly blazes here.
Not such the mortals burning Afric breeds,
Mother of virtues, and heroic deeds ;
Descended from yon radiant orb, they claim
Sublimar courage, and a fiercer flame.

Nature has there, unchill'd by art, impress'd
Her awful majesty on every breast.

Where'er she leads, impatient of control,
The dauntless Negro rushes to the goal;
Firm in his love, resistless in his hate,
His arm is conquest, and his frown is fate.

‘ What fond affection in my bosom reigns !
What soft emotions mingle with my pains !
Still as thy form before my mind appears,
My haggard eyes are bathed in gushing tears ;
Thy loved idea rushes to my heart,
And stern despair suspends the lifted dart——
O could I burst these fetters which restrain
My struggling limbs, and waft thee o'er the main
To some far-distant land, where ocean roars
In horrid tempests round the gloomy shores;
To some wild mountain's solitary shade,
Where never European faith betray'd ;
How joyful could I, of thy love secure,
Meet every danger, every toil endure !
For thee I'd climb the rock, explore the flood,
And tame the famish'd savage of the wood.
When scorching summer drinks the shrinking
streams,

My care should screen thee from its sultry beams ;
At noon I'd crown thee with the fairest flowers,
At eve I'd lead thee to the safest bowers ;
And when bleak winter howl'd around the cave,
For thee his horrors and his storms I'd brave ;
Nor snows nor raging winds should damp my soul,
Nor such a night as shrouds the dusky pole :
O'er the dark waves my bounding skiff I'd guide,
To pierce each mightier monster of the tide ;
Through frozen forests force my dreadful way,
In their own dens to rouse the beasts of prey ;

Nor other blessing ask, if this might prove
How fix'd my passion, and how fond my love.
Then should vain fortune to my sight display
All that her anger now has snatch'd away;
Treasures more vast than Avarice e'er design'd
In midnight visions to a Christian's mind;
The monarch's diadem, the conqueror's meed,
That empty prize for which the valiant bleed;
All that ambition strives to snatch from fate,
All that the gods e'er lavish'd in their hate;
Not these should win thy lover from thy arms,
Or tempt a moment's absence from thy charms;
Indignant would I fly these guilty climes,
And scorn their glories as I hate their crimes!

‘ But whither does my wandering fancy rove?
Hence ye wild wishes of desponding love!
Ah! where is now that voice which lull'd my woes;
That angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose?
By Nature tempted, and with passion blind,
Are these the joys hope whisper'd to my mind?
Is this the end of constancy like thine?
Are these the transports of a love like mine?
My hopes, my joys are vanish'd into air,
And now of all that once engaged my care,
These chains alone remain, this weapon and
despair.

So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast!
Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride!
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;
That beauteous prize Heaven had reserved at last,
Sweet recompense for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love!

Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away !
May every transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast !
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
Till death in all his terrors wing the dart :
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favour'd rival smile upon thy tomb !

‘ Why does my lingering soul her flight delay ?
Come, lovely maid, and gild the dreary way !
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms ;
Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And soothe him sinking to the shades of death !
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid the inexorable tyrant smile ;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptured to eternal rest :
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
Ah ! rather fly, lest aught of doubt control
The dreadful purpose labouring in my soul ;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love !

‘ Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns ;
Again the furies fire my madding brain,
And death extends his sheltering arms in vain ;
For unrevenged I fall, unpitied die ;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye !

‘ Thou Christian God ! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these thy injured power profane,
O God of Nature ! art thou call'd in vain ?

Didst thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, hung trembling round,

That these vile fetters might my body bind,
And agony like this distract my mind ?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Adored thy wisdom, and embraced thy law ;
Yet mark thy destined convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee—just and good !
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or sufferings move thee not, O hear despair !
Thy hopes and blessings I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine !
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides !
And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too !
Be theirs the torment of a lingering fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate ;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chased by all the monsters of the main ;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me !

‘ Thanks, righteous God !—Revenge shall yet
be mine ;

Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heavenly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.
The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight ;

Eternal Justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn;
Lo ! Discord, fiercest of the' infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand;
No more proud Commerce courts the western gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails ;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels ;
He breathes a savage rage through all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast;
Then, while with horror sickening Nature groans,
And earth and heaven the monstrous race disowns,
Then the stern Genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,
Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of hell on you devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way !
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey !
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with generous rage the valiant burns ;
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs !—his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, Desolation reigns—
Fly swift, ye years !—Arise, thou glorious morn !
Thou great avenger of thy race be born !
The conqueror's palm and deathless fame be thine !
One generous stroke, and liberty be mine !

And now, ye Powers! to whom the brave are dear,
Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
To you that spirit which ye gave restore
I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
No long eternity of happiness;—
But if, unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
At your great call this being I have spilt,
For all the wrongs which innocent I share,
For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare;
O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
Where souls are free, and men oppress no more!

THE DEVOTED LEGIONS.

ADDRESSED TO

LORD GEORGE GERMAINE, AND THE COMMANDERS OF
THE FORCES AGAINST AMERICA.

' *Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas*
Imprecor, arma armis : pugnent ipsiq; nepotes.'

VIRGIL.

Argument.

When the Roman Republic, from the smallest beginnings, had extended its empire over the greater part of the globe, it abandoned those principles of conduct which had been the cause of its increase and greatness. Instead of those domestic virtues, which had formed the character of its citizens, to excel in every species of public exertion; an enervating indolence and sensuality were gradually introduced. The conquest of Asia deluged Italy, both with the riches and vices of the East, and *Lucullus* entered the

city, less the conqueror of Mithridates than the destroyer of the virtues of his country. From that fatal period all reverence to the ancient discipline or institutions seems to have been totally lost; all ranks of men rushed headlong into the most profligate luxury: the only contest between Patricians and Plebeians was, who should be most corrupt; and the public liberty, as might be expected, was abandoned to every invader. Rome, no longer peopled by patriots and heroes, became the miserable nurse of tyrants and slaves; a theatre where Ambition called her votaries to mutual slaughter; and a dreadful spectacle to the astonished world, of the miseries which attend successful oppression, and greatness not founded upon virtue. *Sylla*, after having inured his soldiers to the murder of his allies, in the social war, by a natural progression of guilt, armed them against the laws and liberties of their country. The Roman soldier, from that instant, became a desperate assassin, who wore a sword for the perpetration of every crime. The sacred flame of public freedom, or private affection, was extinguished in his unrelenting breast; and he said to his general—

‘Pectore si fratris, gladium jugulove parentis,
Condere me jubeas, gravidæve in viscera partû
Conjugis, invitâ peragant tamen omnia dextrâ!’

In this state of affairs the celebrated Triumvirate arose. Three individuals, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, after having triumphed over the last efforts which the defenders of their country's rights were able to make, shared the Roman empire, like an hereditary patrimony, among them. To Crassus were allotted the Eastern Provinces, in which his avarice had long meditated an unprovoked war, to gratify itself with the spoils and riches of those favoured countries. He was therefore no sooner invested with these new powers, than he made preparations for an expedition against the Parthians. This people were at that time in alliance with his own nation, and therefore the injustice of attacking them was too flagrant not to excite horror and detestation even in the minds of the corrupted and degenerated Romans themselves: particularly *ARTEIUS*, one of the tribunes of the people, after having ineffectually opposed this impious war, arrayed himself in the solemn vestments which were used in the dreadful ceremonies of devoting any one to the Infernal Gods, and placed himself at the gate, through which Crassus was to lead his troops

to the Parthian expedition. In this habit he met that general, and scattering incense over a fire which burnt before him, muttered the most horrid execrations, and devoted Crassus and his legions to destruction. The Romans believed that these execrations were never ineffectual; but their effects were thought so fatal even to the person who pronounced them, that they were very rarely practised. History informs us, that in this instance the popular superstition was not deceived; for Crassus suffered the most shameful defeat; and after having seen the destruction of almost his whole army, was himself ingloriously slain. This action of Atteius, is the subject of the following poem.

WHEN sordid CRASSUS led his destined band,
To fall unpitied on the Parthian strand;
Before the city gate, his fatal way,
He stood, and silent marked the long array.
While through the glittering files he darts his eyes,
Unusual transports in his bosom rise;
He tastes the glories of the distant war,
Sees captive monarchs struggle at his car,
The Parthian trembling in his wild domains,
And Rome's proud eagle towering o'er the plains.
Thus while, to fate and future evils blind,
He rolls imagined triumphs in his mind,
The mournful prophet of his country's woes,
In sullen majesty the Tribune rose.
One hand stretch'd out, invokes celestial ire,
And one, extended o'er a glimmering fire,
Feeds with incessant toil the fatal flame,
Which gleams portentous to the Roman name—
A sudden fear the starting host impedes—
Back roll the legions—back recoil the steeds—
Even he, the haughty Chief, beyond the rest,
Felt secret horrors tear his guilty breast;

While a loud voice, that shook the dark abodes,
Thus uttered dreadful words, and called the
avenging Gods.

‘ With every power of heaven and earth thy foe,
Whither, O gloomy warrior, dost thou go ?
What moves thy mind to quit thy glittering home,
The pomps and glories of imperial Rome ?
Where song and dance chace gently down the light,
And pleasure strews her roses o’er the night ;
Where smiling beauty offers all her charms,
And every Syren woos thee to her arms—
Is it in vain that ravaged nature pours
Her choicest gifts on yon rapacious shores ?
To glut thy pride, mild Asia yields her spoils,
Vext Europe bleeds, and groaning Afric toils.—
Is it too little to content thy soul,
That from the scorch’d Equator to the Pole
No sound is heard, through all the wide domains,
But Roman scourges, and the clank of chains ?
And now, lest persecuted Freedom hide
Some secret eyrie from thy impious pride,
Where, fenced by rocks, her chosen brood she
forms,
To face the sun, and mount upon the storms ;
Thy pride impels thee on this favoured seat,
To rouse her eagle in its last retreat.—
For this thy banners flutter on the wind,
Oaths lose their power, and treaties cease to bind.
This fills thy hand with sacrilegious arms,
And shakes the Parthian empire with alarms.—
But, Crassus, pause—and hear Heaven’s awful
Its prophet I, and messenger of ill ! [will ;
Heaven prompts my voice, inspires these accents
dread,
And all the Furies menace round my head !

Thrice, warrior, I devote thee to the tomb ;
Hear, lowest Hell, and ratify the doom !
Lo ! thrice I scatter, with a baneful hand,
Funereal flames on yon devoted band !
These are the flames of horror and affright,
Dishonourable death, and shameful flight,
Snatched from the mournful realms of everlasting
night !

‘ Again I rave—again I feel the god—
He rushes to my soul, and shakes the weak abode.
Proud impious Rome ! whose gilded turrets rise,
Dreadful to man, and odious to the skies ;
Where foul corruption stains the conscious light,
And every secret crime pollutes the night ;
Where, in the very shrines to Freedom vowed,
Foul Comus howls his frantic orgies loud—
Where Tyranny erects her hundred thrones,
And deaf to nature’s voice, and pity’s groans,
Even mid the song, the dance, the lute’s soft breath,
Feeds her remorseless soul with deeds of death ;
And circled with the wreath which Pleasure
weaves,

Stains with the blood of men the drooping leaves :
O’er thee, O Rome ! and thy proud walls on high,
Stern vengeance hovers in the lurid sky !
From the drear regions of the frozen north,
Lo ! desolation calls her squadrons forth !
Resistless in their rage, I see the band
Spread like a gathering whirlwind o’er the land ;
Ruin pursues their steps, war stalks before,
And slaughter marks his way with streams of gore.
Now bursts the tempest on yon radiant spires,
And wrapt in pitchy clouds and smouldering fires,
The tyrant of the world, and foe to peace, expires !

‘ Now, Chief ! pursue the purpose of thy hate !
Lead those devoted legions to their fate !
Though swifter than the wind thy eagles fly,
The Parthian shaft shall reach them in the sky.
Here stand the limits of the Roman pride,
And Heaven and Hell roll back the swelling tide.
Thus, hurling flames on yonder ghastly bands,
I blast their courage, and disarm their hands.
By this, the spear sings harmless through the gales,
The sword is blunted, and the arrow fails ;
While every javelin by a foe imprest
Shall stamp its vengeance on a Roman breast.
What are thy troops ?—A weak and servile train,
Allured to deeds of death by sordid gain,
Their country’s shame—the pampered city’s lees,
Unnerved by indolence, and vile disease,
Whom neither Honour warms, nor Peace and
Freedom please.
Sworn slave of lawless power, and foe to right,
Thy dark assassin rushes to the fight :
Nor love, nor shame, his hardened bosom knows,
Nor tender sympathy for human woes :
But, nursed in foreign war, or civil strife,
Stranger to all the ties which sweeten life,
As chance directs, a guilty sword he draws
For every leader, and for every cause.—
Hopes thy fond soul, with bands like these, to tame
The Parthian warrior’s fierce and godlike flame ?
In native liberty secure, he fears
Nor thy bright falchions, nor thy barbed spears.
He spurs his courser, swifter than the wind,
And leaves the terrors of thy war behind :
Then rushes to the fight with shifted reins,
And half thy boasted legions strew the plains.

What brings the screaming vultures from afar?
They scent the carnage, and expect the war.
Ye birds obscene, and every ravenous beast,
Exulting come! I call ye to the feast.
Ye clanging eagles darken all the shore,
And bathe your pinions in Patrician gore—
Go, Crassus, go!—Pursue thy fatal way,
Nor longer rob the monsters of their prey!
No more my voice detains thee from the fields,
The Furies triumph, and thy Genius yields:
But when the shout of desolation roars,
And carnage deluges the wasted shores;
Amid the scene of anguish and affright,
Of dubious horror, and uncertain flight;
Think on the doom thy adverse gods declare,
Think on the Roman augur—and despair.

Miscellanies.

TO THE AUTHORESS

OF

‘ VERSES TO BE INSCRIBED ON DELIA’S TOMB.’

SWEET Poetess, whose gentle numbers flow
With all the artless energy of woe !
The choicest wreath, oh lovely maid ! be thine,
Which Pity offers at the Muse’s shrine.
Were there a strain of power to soothe the care
Of bitterest anguish, and assuage despair,
Thy generous verse might every bosom cheer,
And wipe from every eye the falling tear !
But there are transports of the secret soul,
Which not the Muse’s sacred charms control :
When ruin’d innocence, condemn’d to bleed,
Mourns the remembrance of the fatal deed ;
While stern contempt attends, and public hate,
And shame remorseless points the dart of fate !
Yet shall thy votive wreath unfading bloom,
A grateful offering to thy Delia’s tomb.
There, while celestial mercy beams confess’d,
And soothes the mourner to eternal rest,
Be fancy’s mildest softest visions seen,
And forms ærial glitter o’er the green !
Such forms as oft, by bowers and haunted streams,
Descend mysterious on the poet’s dreams !

There, borne by hovering zephyrs through the air,
Returning Spring shall wave her dewy hair,
While Flora, mistress of the milder year,
Marks every flower she scatters with a tear.
There, when the gloom of midnight stills the plains,
The sacred guardians of immortal strains
To every blast shall bid their tresses flow,
And pour the sweet majestic sounds of woe !
Lives there a virgin in the secret shade,
Not yet to shame by perjured man betray'd ?
This sacred spot instructed let her tread,
And bend in silent anguish o'er the dead !
She once like thee, to hope's gay visions born,
Shone like the lustre of the dewy morn.
One hour of guilt, one fatal hour is o'er,
Lo, youth, and hope, and beauty are no more !
Go, now in mirth the fleeting hours employ,
Go snatch the flowers of transitory joy !
Let feast and revelry prolong the night,
The lyre transport thee, and the dance delight ;
Yet be one pause of sad reflection given,
To the low voice of Delia and of Heaven !
That voice which rises from her dreary tomb,
And calls thee to its solitary gloom,
Dims every taper, palls the mantling wine,
And blasts the wreath which love and pleasure
twine !

And thou, oh youth ! whom meditation leads
With pensive step along these glistening meads,
If yet thy bosom, unseduced and pure,
Ne'er worship'd fortune's shrine or pleasure's lure ;
If at the tale of innocence oppress'd,
Strong indignation struggle in thy breast ;
If in thy constant soul soft pity glows,
And foes to virtue be thy only foes,

Approach this spot, and mark with pitying eyes
 How low the young, the fair, the gentle lies !
 Be the stern virtue of thy soul resign'd,
 Let gushing tears attest thy yielding mind !
 Swear by the dread avengers of the tomb,
 By all thy hopes, by death's tremendous gloom !
 That ne'er by thee deceived, the tender maid
 Shall mourn her easy confidence betray'd ;
 Nor weep in secret thy triumphant art,
 With bitter anguish rankling in her heart.
 So may each blessing which impartial fate
 Showers on the good, but snatches from the great,
 Adorn thy favour'd course with rays divine,
 And Heaven's best gift, a virtuous love, be thine !

WRITTEN DURING A

TOUR TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,

Hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

FROM every rich and gaudy scene,
 Which crowded capitals display,
 I court the solitary green,
 Or o'er the pathless mountains stray.
 From vice, from folly, pomp, and noise,
 On reason's wings I fly :
 All hail, ye long-expected joys
 Of calm tranquillity !
 At least in this secure retreat,
 Unvisited by kings,
 Has virtue fix'd her halcyon seat,
 And freedom waves her wings,

O gentle Lady of the West,
Whose charms, on this sequester'd shore,
With love can fire a stranger's breast ;
A breast that never loved before !

O tell me, in what silent vale,
To hail the balmy breath of May,
Thy tresses floating on the gale,
All simply neat thou deign'st to stray !

Not such thy look, not such thy air,
Not such thy unaffected grace,
As, mid the town's deceitful glare,
Marks the proud nymph's disdainful face.

Health's rosy bloom upon thy cheek,
Eyes that with artless lustre roll,
More eloquent than words to speak
The genuine feelings of the soul.

Such be thy form ! thy noble mind
By no false culture led astray ;
By native sense alone refined
In reason's plain and simple way.

Indifferent if the eye of Fame
Thy merit unobserving see ;
And heedless of the praise or blame
Of all mankind, of all but me,

O gentle Lady of the West !
To find thee, be my only task ;
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast
No haughty birth or dower I ask.

Sequester'd in some secret glade,
With thee unnoticed would I live ;
And if Content adorn the shade,
What more can Heaven or Nature give ?

Too long deceived by Pomp's false glare,
'Tis thou must soothe my soul to rest ;
'Tis thou must soften every care,
O gentle Lady of the West !

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. DAY.

LET lighter bards in sportive numbers play,
Weave the gay wreath, or join the choral lay,
Round pleasure's altar fading chaplets twine,
And deck their temples with the maddening vine !
My chaster Muse selects, for fancy's dream,
A dearer object, and a nobler theme.
For thee, thou dear companion of my soul !
She bids spontaneous numbers artless roll ;
Nor scorns the sacred lyre, which long had hung
Forgotten in the shade, untouch'd, unstrung !
Oh ! while thy friend, thy more than lover, strays
Through this vain world's inexplicable maze,
Shall not Remembrance strive with mimic art
To soothe the secret anguish of his heart ?
Come then, thou friend of solitary care !
Unfold the canvass, and the tints prepare ;
Till the fair form in full proportion rise,
Confess'd to view, and swim before his eyes !

ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY THE

CAPRICE OR FICKLENESS OF A YOUNG LADY¹.

YET once again, in yonder myrtle bowers,
Whence rose-lip'd zephyrs, hovering, shed perfume,

I weave the painted radiance of the flowers,
And press coy Nature in her days of bloom,

Shall she, benignant, to the wandering eyes
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gem'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
These snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove;
Nor wanton summer yield one garland more
To grace the bosom of the nymph I love?

For she shall come; with her each sister-grace,
With her the kindred powers of harmony,
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes,
She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
She loves the spot where infant Genius blooms,
She loves the spot where Peace and Freedom smile.

¹ See Miss Seward's Life of Dr. Darwin.

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn :
In vain with brighter tints the flowerets glow,
Or dew-drops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale, [wide,
Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches
Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
Or, glistening, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,
To hymn wild carols to returning day,
And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies ;
Her swift-wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
And countless zephyrs waft her through the skies.

There, while her bright wheels pause in cloudless
She waves the magic sceptre of command, [air,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azure nectar flow,
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

There cull'd from every mountain, every plain,
Perennial flowers the ambient air perfume,
Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred
bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale Evening spreads the dewy veil,
What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here,—not here,
Does spring eternal hold her placid reign,
Already Boreas chills the altering year,
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promised joys!—fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes, too long believed in vain,
Plunged down and swallow'd deep in Time's
abyss!—
So veering Chance, and ruthless Fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

Oh! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here Truth, Love, Freedom, Innocence resort,
And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless, on the strand
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand
That points to safety, liberty, and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe, [sea;
Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so ! I dread the elemental war,
Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful, flies ;
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,
I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet, let the tempest roar !—love scorns all harms,
I plunge amid the storm, resolved to save ;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE FAILURE OF
THE APPLICATION FOR AN EQUAL REPRESENTATION IN
PARLIAMENT.

WHEN faithless Senates venally betray ;
When each degenerate noble is a slave ;
When Britain falls an unresisting prey ;
What part befits the generous and the brave ?

In vain the task to rouse my country's ire,
And imp once more the stork's dejected wings ;
To solitude indignant I retire,
And leave the world to parasites and kings.

Not like the deer, when, wearied in the race,
Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals ;
But like the lion, when he turns the chase
Back on his hunters, and the valiant falls.

Then let untamed Oppression rage aloof,
And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed ;
To Liberty I vow this humble roof ;
And he that violates its shade—shall bleed !

EPITAPH ON DR. SMALL.

BEYOND the rage of time, or fortune's power,
Remain, cold stone! remain, and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts, which Heav'n e'er gave,
Were center'd in a dark untimely grave.
Oh, taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies!
Oh, gentle bosom! oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!

EPITAPH ON MR. LAURENS,

SON TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Here, the last prey of that destructive rage,
Which shook the world, and cursed a guilty age,
Here youthful Laurens yielded up his breath,
And seal'd a nation's liberties in death!
O may that country, which he fought to save,
Shed sacred tears upon his early grave!
And Fame, which urged him on to meet his doom,
Bid all her laurels flourish round his tomb!
But vain, alas! to soothe a father's woe,
The mouldering trophies glory can bestow!
O'er thy sad urn, O much loved youth, reclined,
What fond ideas rush upon his mind!

¹ Mr. Laurens was killed near the close of the American war, in a skirmish with some British troops.

All, all the hopes thy childhood could inspire,
Thy youth's mild dawn, thy manhood's active fire !
But chief, that native gentleness of soul,
Which neither war nor passion could control !
Dear to the human race, but doubly dear
To him who pours the tributary tear ;
Who mourns the public losses and his own,
And with a trembling hand inscribes this stone.

VERSES

TRIBUTARY TO THE SAME.

OR by the Delaware's resounding shores,
Or where the Brounx its humble tribute pours ;
Or where, responsive to the captive's woe,
The thundering waves of Saratoga flow ;
What shrieks of woe were heard along the plain,
What tides of generous blood increased the main,
When Britain's banners to the winds unroll'd
Shook death and vengeance from each angry fold ;
And, touch'd with sacred rage and freedom's
 charms,

The western world exulting rush'd to arms.

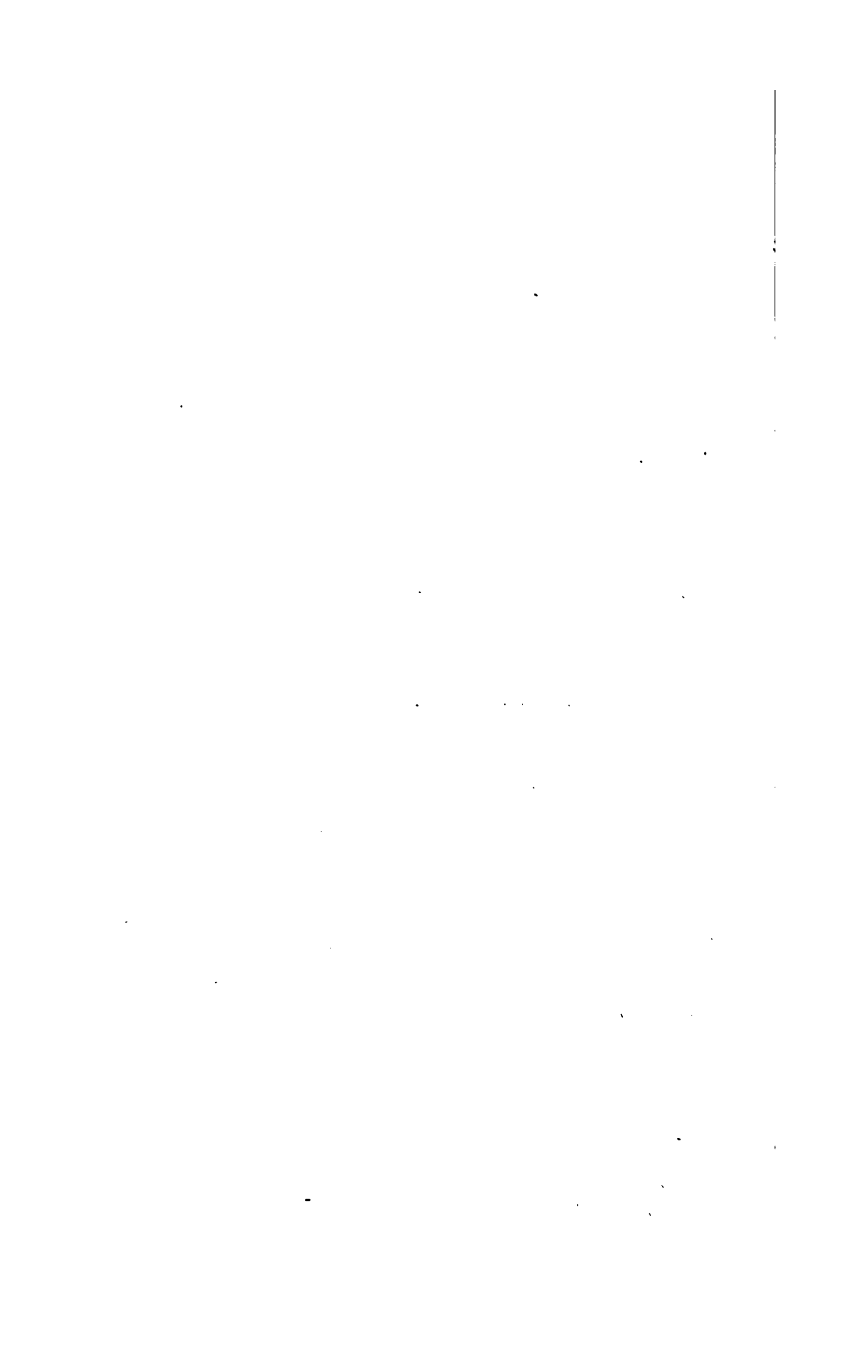
O fatal fields ! where civil discord gave
Such wide destruction to the kindred brave ;
Strewn o'er your deserts bleak and wild, they lie,
Exposed to every blast that chills the sky.
Thither the screaming falcon wings his way,
Thither the wolf and every beast of prey :
Loud howls the forest to the savage roar,
And the fell eagle bathes his plumes in gore.
There oft as Evening lights her paly lamp,
And shrouds the drear expanse with mantle damp,

The wandering peasant stops, with fear aghast,
To hear ideal wailings in the blast;
While gliding o'er the melancholy green,
The angry ghosts of mighty chiefs are seen;
Backward he turns his steps, nor dares to tread
The dreadful haunts of the majestic dead.

But ah! no sounds that sadden in the wind,
No shadowy forms can daunt the virgin's mind,
That nightly wanders o'er the gloomy plain
To seek with pious steps a lover slain—
From blazing hearths and cheerful roofs she flies,
Despair and madness blended in her eyes;
The wintry tempest lifts her floating hair,
Howls round her head, and chills her bosom bare;
While reckless she of comfort and of life,
Hears nor regards the elemental strife;
But stretch'd, unhappy mourner! on the ground,
Bends o'er the dead and kisses every wound.
In vain the rising morn dispels the dew,
The rising morn beholds her grief renew,
In vain returning shades of night descend,
No shades of night shall give her sorrows end,
Till death in pity wings his blunted dart,
And life's last tide is frozen at her heart.

O fatal fields! though many a warrior ghost
Has wing'd his flight untimely from your coast,
Did you e'er view a nobler victim slain,
To glut the bloody rites of freedom's fane,
Than when the valiant Laurens met his doom,
And sunk lamented to an early tomb?

THE
POEMS
OF
Robert Blair.



THE
LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

ROBERT BLAIR, the author of *THE GRAVE*, was descended from an ancient and respectable family, of Blair in Ayrshire. For learning, piety, and an inflexible adherence to his principles, his grandfather was one of the most distinguished of the Scottish clergymen, in the time of the civil wars; his father, of whom he was the eldest son, was the Reverend David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king. Blair was born in the year 1699, received a liberal education at the university of Edinburgh, and was then sent to the continent by his father, that to the advantages of study might be added those which are acquired by a knowledge of the habits, manners, and characters of foreign nations. Having travelled for some time, he returned to his native country; and, after the usual probationary trials which are required by the Scottish church, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, on the 5th of January, 1735. That he had profited by his studies and travels there is reason to believe, and he entered upon the duties of his ministry at a period of life which is favourable to a correct appreciation of their dignity and importance.

At Athelstaneford Blair resided for the remainder of his life. In the performance of his sacred functions he was laudably assiduous, he was an eloquent and animated preacher, and he was at once respected by his richer neighbours, and beloved by the humbler individuals who were committed to his pastoral care. Being entirely at ease in his circumstances, he filled up his intervals of labour by elegant and blameless avocations and enquiries. He understood botany, delighted in the cultivation of flowers, and possessed a considerable share of optical and microscopical knowledge. With Watts, Doddridge, Baker, and other literary and scientific characters, he maintained a friendly correspondence.

Blair married Isabella, the daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingstone, the professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. A warm friendship had, from the period of his youth, subsisted between him and her father, who was related to him, and had been left one of his guardians. His regard for Mr. Law was manifested by a highly panegyric poem, which he dedicated to the memory of his friend. It is probable that his attachment to the object of his choice was of early date, as he seems to allude to it in the concluding lines of the poem, where, apostrophizing his departed friend, he exclaims,

“ Nor shall oblivion blot thy memory ;
But grateful love its energy express,
(The father gone,) now to the *fatherless*.”

It was not, however, till several years after the death of Mr. Law, that his daughter became the wife of Blair. The match was a happy one; the bride being no less amiable in her manners than lovely in her person. Their union was productive of five sons and a daughter. The fourth son, an accomplished man, rose to the dignity of President of the

Court of Session, and died in 1811. Mrs. Blair survived her husband for several years.

The days of Blair were terminated, by a fever, at Athelstaneford, on the 4th of February, 1746. He was succeeded in his living by Home, the author of *Douglas*.

The *Grave* is the composition on which rests the fame of Blair. It was published at London, in 1743, by M. Cooper. From a letter, written by Blair to Dr. Doddridge, it appears that the poem, though it had the recommendation of Watts in its favour, had been previously declined by two booksellers, on the absurd ground that, "considering how critical the age was with respect to such writings, they could scarce think that a person living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. To what distance from the metropolis these sapient booksellers conceived poetical inspiration to extend, we are not informed. Some sacrifices to that which he must have considered as the perverted taste of the public, Blair was willing to offer. "In order to make it more generally liked," says he, "I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument, must, upon that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of those things." From this letter we learn, also, that the greatest part of the poem was written "several years before he was clothed with so sacred a character" as that of a minister of the gospel.

The poem, in all probability, did not at first obtain an extensive circulation; at least there seems to have been no second edition till that of Edinburgh, which appeared in 1747, in octavo. It continued,

however, surely though slowly, to make its way to the public favour. Harvey was an admirer of it, but with persons of a pure taste his suffrage will have little weight. Pinkerton, in his dogmatical *Letters of Literature*, published in 1786, under the name of Robert Heron, eulogized it in enthusiastic language, and doubtless contributed to increase the number of its readers; though his praise of Blair, like his censure of other writers, must be confessed to be pushed beyond due bounds. In the course of the last quarter of a century, the editions of *The Grave* have been numerous, and the author has now taken his station among our established poets.

The latest editor of the British poets, a writer better qualified for producing works which require labour and patient research, than for estimating the merit of works of imagination and taste, has spoken with severity, and even in somewhat of a contemptuous tone, of the poem of *The Grave*. To his censure of it may be opposed the praise which is bestowed by one, eminent as a critic, still more eminent as a poet, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, who declares that "the eighteenth century has few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of *The Grave*, and that it is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque." "Blair," adds he, "may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism, but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dulness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty."

In the various pictures which Blair presents to the mind there is a truth and distinctness which have

not often been exceeded. They strike with all the force of reality. Many of his similies, epithets, and detached expressions, are eminently beautiful. That his language is occasionally familiar must be acknowledged, but it seldom, if ever disgusts; and perhaps the general effect would be injured were more elevated expressions substituted in the place of most of those which some critics have branded with their censure. There is in his phraseology a Tuscan strength and plainness, not unsuitable to the weight of his subject. The tone of sarcasm and irony, which he frequently adopts, has also been objected to, but it may reasonably be doubted whether it does not relieve and heighten the solemnity of the whole. The blank verse of Blair is his own, unmodelled upon that of any preceding writer, and, though now and then careless, it is free and energetic, and satisfies the ear with a sufficient portion of metrical harmony.

On the poem to the memory of Mr. Law, it is unnecessary to say much. It is often incorrect, or trivial, sometimes even ungrammatical, and little can be said in favour of the construction of the verse; but in parts it rises into dignity, and asserts for its author the title of a poet. In the character of Mr. Law there is an admirable stroke at the gloomy-minded bigot,

“ Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubbered face.”

But the most finished lines in the poem are those alluding to the final conflagration of all things, in which he soars with his subject, and is equally spirited in his versification and his language.

The ode from Volusenus is utterly worthless. The sentiments are indeed pious, but they are common-

place, and their triteness is not redeemed by any elegance or splendour of diction. The reputation of Blair is, however, too well established by *The Grave*, to suffer any thing from this translation, which was not published till after his death, and was probably struck off in haste, and never intended to make its appearance in print. Such, as Cowley observes, is "the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some booksellers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit."

THE
GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
The' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains [thing!
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread
Men shiver when thou'rt named: nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damp and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.

Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
 Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane ;—the pious work
 Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried midst the wreck of things which were ;
 There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary : [bird,
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
 Rock'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy ailes,
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead.—Roused from their
 slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 (Coëval near with that) all ragged show,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
 here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :





*Published at the office, by John Sharpe
Dundee.*

Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones, 60
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now-untasted cheek :
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops ; whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,
Strikest out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?

Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made even thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy,
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware! Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then-discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant-and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife!
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, even to a very scruple;
Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour. 170

Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see ! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended [on,
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,
 'To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings ! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun ; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard the unwieldy show ; whilst from the case-
 ments,

And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close-wedged
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste ?
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible ?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
 Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir ?—'Tis wisely done :
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud *lineage* ! now how little thou appear'st !
 Below the envy of the private man.
Honour ! that meddlesome officious ill
 Pursues thee even to death, nor there stops short ;
 Strange persecution ! when the grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.
 Absurd to think to overreach the grave ;

And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away : only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outlived
The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by the' injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh ! lamentable sight :
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time : her cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood ;
The' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thin'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought ! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injured ghost

Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And griped them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery ;
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common feelings with his lord ;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipped,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman ;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
flattery,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty !—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steal'st so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And givest it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee : thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of ? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy caution ?
For this, thy painful labours at the glass ?
To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foulfeeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village-ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou did'st the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife ?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube ; [space,
And travelling through the boundless length of
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah ! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head ;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails ;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here, the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagged,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by. [change,
Great man of language !—whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;
Alas ! how chop-fallen now ! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Razed from the book of fame : or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,

With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
Those mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cram'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escaped thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;
By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robbed of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help ;
But shrieks in vain !—How wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh ! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die ! my soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view !
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting ;
For part they must ; body and soul must part ;
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death ;
If when men died, at once they ceased to be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprung; then might the de-
 bauchee [drunkard
 Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the
 Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being, when he pleased,
 And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
 Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could
 force

The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well,
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able—But if there's an *hereafter*;
 (And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;)
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;
 As if we challenged him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
 Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
 The common damn'd shun their society,

And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd !
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission :
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait the' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad ;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret !
Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out ;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly
done

To knock and give the' alarum.—But what means
This stinted charity ?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice ?—I'll ask no more :
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter ;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick :—Here falls the village-
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand {ance,
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
That soon some trusty brother of the trade [not,
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live, must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Iclander, and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships, [escapes
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,

Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters :
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every-day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane ;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean ;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man !—how happy once in thy first state !
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,

Offer'd to ache : nor was there cause they should ;
For all was pure within ; no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
Just ready to expire—scarce importuned, [winds
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed ! thrice blessed days !—But ah ! how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh ! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns !
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history !—To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus fared it with our sire :—not long he' enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go ?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory, and his GOD.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder,—Man has sinned.

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try : nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas ! too well he sped :—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between : —
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man : who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend :
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage ! — Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin !
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions ! — But for thee
Sorrow had never been—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature ! — Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more ;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those ! Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world :

Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind ; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing !—Oh ! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors ?—Pregnant womb of ills !
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compared to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round ! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new-spilt ; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold ! I've gone too far ; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater !
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet !
Unheard-of Epicure ! without a fellow !
The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gapest for more :
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,

On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution ;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy doors fly open and reveal
The mines, that lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured ; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
The' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The SON of GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold :—self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to Heaven.—Methinks I see him
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold ;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in !

Nor are his friends shut out : as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be ;
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ?—Fools that we are !
We wish to be, where sweets unwithering bloom ;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This moment resolute, next unresolved :
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome
That after many a painful bleeding step [Death !
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change ;
Our bane turn'd to a blessing !—Death disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace !—How calm his exit !
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was

His riper years should not upbraid his green :
By unperceived degrees he wears away ;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then, oh then !
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh ! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
'Tis done ! and now he's happy !—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Even the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more,
Nor shall it hope in vain :—the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolat :—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane !
Ask not, how this can be ?—Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more : nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days : and what he can, he will ;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake ; [dust,

And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the' impatience of a man
That's new-come home, and, having long been
absent,

With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

A POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LEARNED AND EMINENT

MR. WILLIAM LAW,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH.

IN silence to suppress my griefs I've tried,
And keep within its banks the swelling tide ;
But all in vain : unbidden numbers flow ;
Spite of myself, my sorrows vocal grow ;
This be my plea.—Nor thou, dear shade, refuse
The well-meant tribute of the willing Muse,
Who trembles at the greatness of its theme,
And fain would say what suits so high a name.

Which, from the crowded journal of thy fame,
Which of thy many titles shall I name ?
For, like a gallant prince, that wins a crown,
By undisputed right before his own,
Variety thou hast : our only care
Is what to single out, and what forbear.

Though scrupulously just, yet not severe ;
Though cautious, open ; courteous, yet sincere ;
Though reverend, yet not magisterial ;
Though intimate with few, yet loved by all ;
Though deeply read, yet absolutely free
From all the stiffnesses of pedantry :
Though circumspectly good, yet never sour ;
Pleasant with innocence, and never more.

Religion worn by thee, attractive show'd,
And with its own unborrow'd beauty glow'd :
Unlike the bigot, from whose watery eyes
Ne'er sunshine broke, nor smile was seen to rise ;
Whose sickly goodness lives upon grimace,
And pleads a merit from a blubber'd face.
Thou kept thy raiment for the needy poor,
And taught the fatherless to know thy door ;
From griping hunger set the needy free ;
That they were needy was enough to thee.

Shy Fame to please, whilst others restless be,
Fame laid her shyness by, and courted thee ;
And though thou bade the flattering thing give o'er,
Yet, in return, she only woo'd thee more.

How sweet thy accents ; and how mild thy look !
What smiling mirth was heard in all thou spoke !
Manhood and grizzled age were fond of thee,
And youth itself sought thy society.
The aged thou taught, descended to the young,
Clear'd up the' irresolute, confirm'd the strong ;
To the perplex'd thy friendly counsel lent,
And gently lifted up the diffident ;
Sigh'd with the sorrowful, and bore a part
In all the anguish of a bleeding heart :
Reclaim'd the headstrong, and with sacred skill,
Committed hallow'd rapes upon the will ;
Sooth'd our affections, and, with their delight,
To gain our actions, bribed our appetite.

Now who shall, with a greatness like thy own,
Thy pulpit dignify, and grace thy gown ;
Who with pathetic energy like thine,
The head enlighten, and the heart refine !
Learn'd were thy lectures, noble the design,
The language Roman, and the action fine ;

The heads well ranged, the inferences clear,
And strong and solid thy deductions were ;
Thou mark'd the boundaries out 'twixt right and
wrong,

And show'd the land-marks as thou went along.
Plain were thy reasonings, or, if perplex't,
Thy life was the best comment on thy text ;
For, if in darker points we were deceived,
'Twas only but observing how thou lived.

Bewilder'd in the greatness of thy fame,
What shall the Muse, what next in order name ?
Which of thy social qualities commend ?
Whether of husband, father, or of friend !
A husband soft, beneficent, and kind,
As ever virgin wish'd, or wife could find ;
A father indefatigably true
To both a father's trust and tutor's too.
A friend affectionate and staunch to those
Thou wisely singled out ; for few thou chose ;
Few, did I say ? that word we must recall,
A friend, a willing friend thou wast to all.
Those properties were thine, nor could we know
Which rose the uppermost, so all was thou.
So have I seen the many-colour'd mead,
Brush'd by the vernal breeze, its fragrance shed :
Though various sweets the various field exhaled,
Yet could we not determine which prevail'd,
Nor this part rose, that honeysucklé, call,
But a rich bloomy aggregate of all.

And thou, the once glad partner of his bed,
But now by sorrow's weeds distinguished,
Whose busy memory thy grief supplies,
And calls up all thy husband to thine eyes,

Thou must not be forgot. How alter'd now !
How thick thy tears ! How fast thy sorrows flow !
The well-known voice that cheer'd thee heretofore,
These soothing accents, thou must hear no more.
Untold be all the tender sighs thou drew,
When on thy cheek he fetch'd a long adieu !
Untold be all thy faithful agonies,
At the last anguish of his closing eyes :
For thou, and only such as thou, can tell
The killing anguish of a last farewell ! [skies,

This earth, yon sun, and these blue-tinctured
Through which it rolls, must have their obsequies ;
Pluck'd from their orbits, shall the planets fall,
And smoke and conflagration cover all :
What then is man ? The creature of a day.—
By moments spent, and minutes borne away,
Time, like a raging torrent hurries on ;
Scarce can we say it is, but that 'tis gone.

Whether, fair shade ! with social spirits, tell,
(Whose properties thou once described so well)
Familiar now thou hearest them relate
The rites and methods of their happy state ;
Or if, with forms more fleet, thou roams abroad,
And views the great magnificence of GOD,
Points out the courses of the orbs on high,
And counts the silver wonders of the sky ;
Or if with glowing seraphim, thou greets
Heaven's King, and shoutest through the golden
streets,

That crowds of white-robed choristers display,
Marching in triumph through the pearly way ?

Now art thou raised beyond this world of cares,
This weary wilderness, this vale of tears ;

Forgetting all thy toils and labours past,
 No gloom of sorrow stains thy peaceful breast.
 Now midst seraphic splendours shalt thou dwell,
 And be what only these pure forms can tell.
 How cloudless now, and cheerful is the day!
 What joys, what raptures, in thy bosom play!
 How bright the sunshine, and how pure the air!
 There is no difficulty of breathing there.

With willing steps, a pilgrim at thy shrine,
 To dew it with my tears the task be mine;
 In lonely dirge, to murmur o'er thy urn,
 And with new-gather'd flowers thy turf adorn:
 Nor shall thy image from my bosom part,
 No force shall rip thee from this bleeding heart;
 Oft shall I think on all I've lost in thee,
 Nor shall oblivion blot thy memory:
 But grateful love its energy express
 (The father gone) now to the fatherless.

ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE LATIN OF FLORENTIUS VOLUSENUS¹, SCOTUS, IN
 HIS DIALOGUE 'DE ANIMI TRANQUILLITATE.'

WHY do I, O most gracious God!
 So heavily complain?
 And at thy providence most just,
 Why do I thus repine?

¹ Florentius Volusenus was Florence Wilson, a scholar whose attainments have been commemorated by Buchanan and Sadolet. See *Irving's Scottish Poets*.

Since by reflecting I perceive,
And certainly do know,
That I, my wretched self alone,
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain,
From darkness light to bring ;
And life and solid joys expect
Under Death's awful reign.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field ;

So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruits do seek upon such trees
On which it never grew,

That fading beauty men admire,
Of person, and of face ;
That splendour of rich ornament,
Which stately buildings grace ;

That train of noble ancestors,
Which gives illustrious birth,
Wealth, luxury ; then add to these
All the delights on earth ;

Yea, whatsoever object doth
Invite our wandering sight,
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel
With pleasure and delight,

They all, like despicable dust
And atoms, fly away ;
And are mere dreams of the short night,
Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure ;
And what of joy to come
Impatiently we want, when got,
Is quickly past and gone :

And when 'tis past, like other things,
It nothing will be thought ;
Should then that dream which nothing is,
So anxiously be sought !

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind !
Prepare thy nets to bind ;
Which thing no man but he that's mad
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,
Which no man yet could find ;
It flies the more the more that thou
To follow art inclined.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will
Thou freely shouldst forsake ;
And wisely choose those better things
Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have
Who earth's whole wealth ingrost,
If, after this short span of life,
His soul's for ever lost ?

With how much wiser conduct he
His course of life doth steer,
Who by his pious endeavours
Of doing good whilst here ;

And by an holy, humble life,
When he shall hence remove,
Secures a passage for himself
Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have
Of real happiness ?
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,
Some pleasant days possess ?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares ;
To things within thy power
Confine thy wish ; and make thy will
Strict reason's laws endure.

If thy affection do transgress
The bounds by reason placed,
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,
Both wretched and disgraced.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,
Thy heart see thou apply
To know Christ, and him crucified ;
This is the only way.

How happy is that man, who doth
This blessed peace attain !
He all the joys on earth, besides,
Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,
The care of worldly men,
But strives to do that which is good,
And heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we
So ardently affect ;
Shuns them as crosses, and as things
Which contemplations check.

What we for greatest blessings take,
He wholly doth disdain :
And counts all things but loss and dung,
That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,
He calmly can endure ;
He knows none truly can rejoice,
Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone
His wondering thoughts employs,
Where in his death he hidden sees
Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,
And oil draw from hard stones ;
A gift to few, and seldom given,
By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,
And his years sweetly pass,
Who holds that treasure in his breast,
Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things,
Who hath this pearl of price,
Which we should buy at any rate,
And all things else despise?

Woe's me ! how much do other men
In seas of trouble live,
Whose ruin oft, and endless cares,
Even things they wish do give !

'Tis he alone in earnest can
Wish for his dying day ;
All mankind's terror, yea, with tears
Expostulate its stay.

O ! would to God my soul just now
Were raised to such a frame,
As freely to part hence, which soon
Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life
Is swiftly hasting on,
The way that leads to which, is through
The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,
Think on these impious wounds,
Which thou didst cause, through which to thee
Salvation free rebounds ?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and givest
Thyself to soft delight,
With what assurance canst thou crave
What is the labourer's right ?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,
At least let him not see
Thee much unlike himself, with whom
Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun
We truly may call bright ;
And what is most like to the snow,
Will whitest be to sight.

Those things are sweet which in their taste
With honey may compare,
And those are swift which can contend
With the light flying air ;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,
More perfect thou'rt indeed ;
For, of all true perfection, he
Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,
When sore affliction grieve,
This comfort have, that even in this,
They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,
Whose virtue doth them bear
Above the vulgar ; for what's great,
Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work
Will never be advised ;
And that all things are vanity,
Till death hath us surprised :

Then to reflect we first begin,
And our past lives abhor,
And all these empty joys which we
So much admired before.

Then under terrors we would fly
To Christ, the only rock
Of life ; whom in prosperity
We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have
Drives us to' implore his grace ;
So great his mercy, that in vain
We ne'er shall seek his face. -

But yet we ought, without delay,
Examine our estate ;
And saving interest get in Christ,
Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek
Our passions to oppose,
Or get tranquillity of mind,
We time and labour lose.

THE
POEMS
OF
Robert Glynn, M. D.



THE
LIFE OF ROBERT GLYNN, M. D.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THERE are some lives which, happily for those who lead them, flow on in such an even tenor of competence and quiet, that they leave little or nothing for the pen of biography to record. Such was that of Robert Glynn. Though, for considerably more than half a century, he mingled with the most enlightened society, and was himself uniformly looked up to as a man of wit, and genius, and learning, scarcely an anecdote of him is preserved; nearly all the information that can be gleaned respecting him being limited to the dates of his birth, death, and academical honours, and to warm, but, as it appears, well-merited, praises of his talents and virtues.

Robert Glynn was born on the fifth of August, 1719, at Helland, near Bodmin, in the county of Cornwall. His family is said to have been an ancient and respectable one; but, as he is affirmed to have derived no celebrity from it, and to have been the artificer of his own fame and fortune, it is probable that it did not rise above a decent mediocrity. The initiatory part of his education he received at Somersham, under the curate of that place, whose name was Whiston, and who is represented as a man of an amiable character. From Somersham Glynn went to Eton, where he was placed upon the foundation. In 1737, being then eighteen years of

age, he was elected a scholar of King's College, in consequence of which he removed to Cambridge. He became bachelor of arts in 1741, master of arts in 1745, and, having made choice of physic as his profession, he took the degree of doctor in 1752. In 1763 he was chosen a fellow of the college of physicians.

It was in 1757 that he appeared in the literary arena, as a competitor for the Seatonian prize. This prize consists of the rents of a small estate, called the Kislingbury estate, which was left by Mr. Seaton, for the encouragement of poetry. His rival was Bally, who had more than once previously borne away the palm, but who, upon this occasion, was defeated in the contest.

Richmond was the first place at which Glynn established himself, as a candidate for medical celebrity. He seems, however, not to have resided there for any length of time. To Cambridge, where he was already advantageously known, he deemed it advisable to return, and the result proved that he had acted wisely in so doing, for he soon acquired there a reputation and a lucrative practice, which left him nothing further to expect, or even to desire. From the period of his return to that of his death, he continued to be a resident of King's College, to which college he naturally cherished a sort of filial attachment.

As a physician his knowledge was extensive, his acuteness conspicuous, his attention unremitting, and his solicitude for the recovery of his patients such as to merit and ensure their warmest gratitude. These qualities, and the success which attended them, placed him at the head of his profession in Cambridge. It must, nevertheless, be owned, that he had some medical prejudices which it would be difficult to defend or excuse. Brought up in, and yielding an implicit deference to, the doctrines of

the old school, the framers of modern systems he regarded with disgust, as unwarrantable and desperate innovators. To the opinions of Cullen, in particular, he was a determined enemy, and could see no merit whatever in that eminent and able physician. Bleeding, opium, tartarized antimony, and cathartics, were excluded from his list of remedies. It is not easy to conceive how any man could consent to deprive himself of such powerful auxiliaries in a struggle with disease. That a man of Glynn's vigorous intellect could do so, affords a striking proof of the resistless influence which a favourite theory exercises over the human mind.

At an advanced period of life, the professional chair was offered to Glynn by Mr. Pitt; but the honour was declined. It could indeed have added nothing to the reputation which he already enjoyed, and, at his years, might have broken in upon his habits, and disturbed his repose.

Of the fame of an author Glynn was not at all ambitious. The Seatonian prize poem was the only composition which he gave to the public; and, as the publication of it was one of the conditions of the contest, even that could hardly be said to be a free-will offering. When the controversy respecting the pretended poems of Rowley was at its height, he took a strong interest in it, was active in his inquiries, and is said to have supplied much information and assistance to Mr. Mathias, while that gentleman was writing his essay on the subject. To him also was attributed, but erroneously, the witty and ironical production which bears the title of *Lucina sine Concubitu*; and it has justly been observed, that the circumstance of his having been suspected to be the author marks the opinion which the world had of his talents, and is honourable to his mental powers.

In consequence of the will of an uncle, who be-

queathed him some property, he assumed the name of Clebery, but he was seldom known by any other than his paternal name.

On the sixth of February, 1800, in the eighty-second year of his age, he expired, without a groan or a struggle, worn out by a gradual decay, preserving, however, his faculties unimpaired to the last. In compliance with his own instructions, he was privately buried in the vault of the chapel; but, in order to pay a proper tribute of respect to his worth, the Vice Chancellor, and about seventy of the most distinguished members of the University, proceeded in deep mourning, on the following Sunday, from Trinity college to St. Mary's church, where a funeral sermon was preached by one of his friends. The bulk of his property he bequeathed to his college.

In person, Glynn was below the middle size, and his face is described as having had a peculiar expression of archness. He was a sound scholar, and his wit and humour were abundant and irresistible. In his manner of living he was rigidly temperate, and his temperance was rewarded by a sound mind in a sound body, a healthy protracted life, and an easy death. Though, at first sight, he sometimes offended, by a degree of impetuosity, or by a singularity of manner and language, yet he never failed in the end to conciliate esteem. Fraud, falsehood, and sordidness, he abhorred, and his benevolence was unbounded. Such of his patients as were poor or unfortunate, found in him not only an attentive and skilful physician, but a liberal and delicate benefactor. The extent of his charities may be conceived, from the circumstance of his having left behind him a comparatively trifling fortune, though his mode of living was unexpensive, his professional income was large, and he possessed the property of his deceased relative.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature has la-

vished on him the highest encomiums; and praise from so caustic a satirist is more than commonly grateful. He denominates him,

“ The loved Iapis on the banks of Cam,”

applies to him the animated language which Milton addresses to Mansus, and, finally, characterizes him, as “ a physician of consummate skill; generous, liberal, not to be corrupted; a friend to the poor and needy; a gentleman in principle; a regulator and conductor of youth; a man of sanctity, justice, and piety; whose attainments have reached the utmost heights of erudition.”

To say a few words on his literary claims is all that now remains to be done. It has frequently been remarked, and experience proves the correctness of the remark, that the hope of pecuniary reward has but seldom acted as an effectual stimulus of poetical genius, and that even the best poets shine with diminished lustre when they exert their powers upon a subject which is not of their own choice. To labour for the mere purpose of gain, and to be confined to a bidden theme, appear to be repugnant to the free spirit of the Muse. Of the numerous poems which have been written for the Seaton bequest, there are few which rise above mediocrity, many which sink below it. Among the scanty number of good compositions, the poem of Glynn is entitled to hold a distinguished place. That it contains some weak lines, and that its author has not fully reached the “ height of this great argument,” must doubtless be allowed; and it is, perhaps, a blemish that a compliment to Mr. Seaton is introduced, in a part where the attention of the reader ought to be solely engrossed by the dread magnificence of such a scene as the whole of the human race assembled for judgment before the throne of their Creator. But, when criticism has

rigidly exercised its office, there still remains much that is worthy of praise. The language is generally elevated, the topics are judiciously chosen, the figures and illustrations are animated and appropriate, and the versification is varied in its pauses, and musical in its flow. The whole is also pervaded by a spirit of rational and dignified piety. The rival work of Bally will not bear any comparison with it in point of literary merit, though, if a judgment may be formed from his title-page, he seems to have considered as an act of gross injustice that decision which awarded the prize to his competitor.

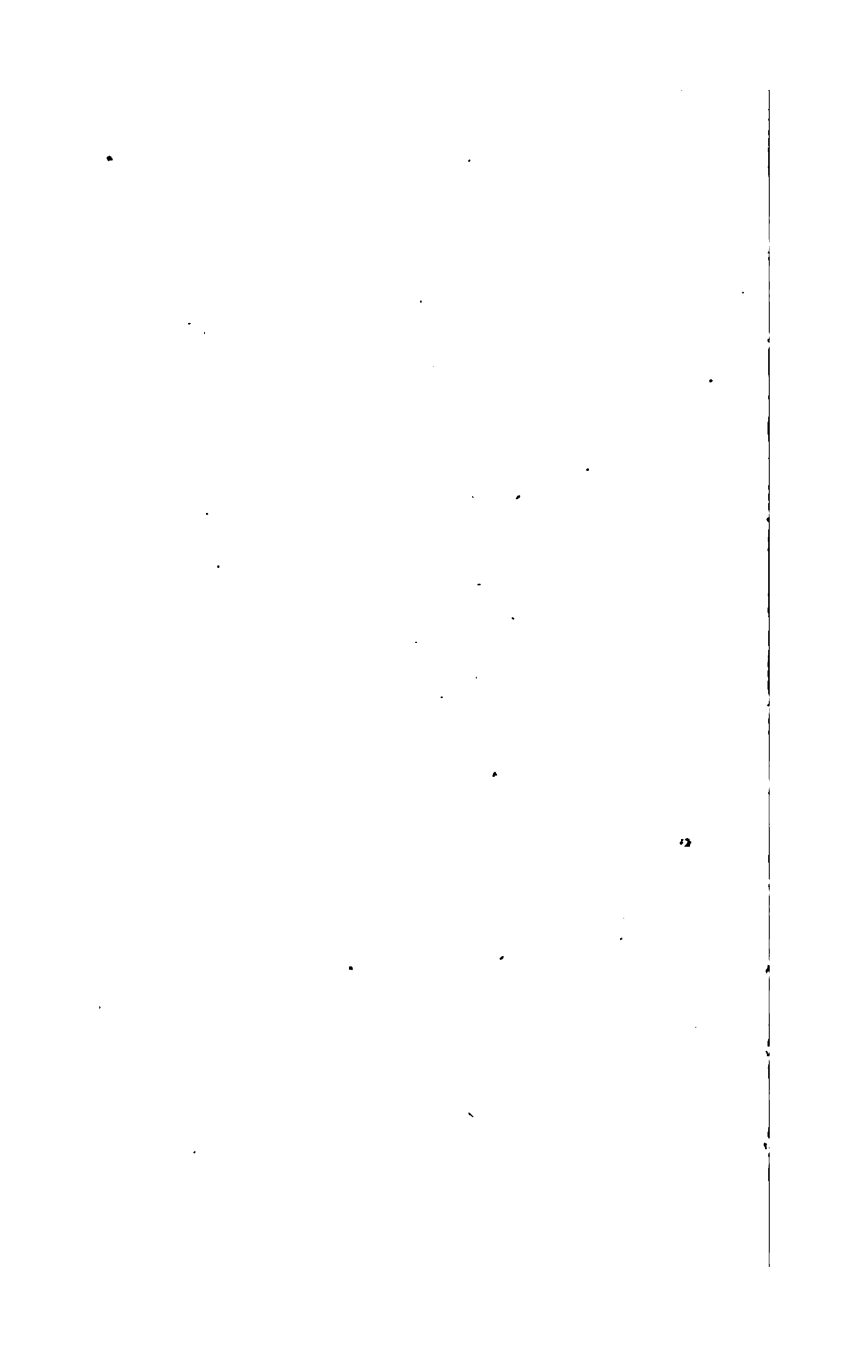
The few verses, beginning with "Tease me no more," are lively and elegant, and show that the author of them would probably have succeeded in the lighter kinds of poetry.

Of the reputation arising from the poem of "The Day of Judgment," Glynn has not been allowed to remain in unquestioned possession. The piece has been often and pertinaciously denied to be his own composition. It is said, that it was written by Roberts, a poet whose acknowledged works well merit to be reprinted, who, being himself too old to become a candidate, prevailed upon Glynn to lend his name, "in order to extort from Bally (a third king's man, and one of the best modern Latinists) his revenue, as he was used facetiously to term this prize." This asserted collusion, between Roberts and Glynn, is the subject of the following imitation of Martial, by a gentleman, who, being himself a poet, ought not to have lent his aid to rend the laurel from the brow of another :

"How Joseph's self a father may be made,
And long sterility a child produce,
Let Glynn declare, who got by Roberts' aid
A thriving babe upon a barren Muse."

This charge, however, does not appear to be sup-

ported by any better proof than college gossip can supply, and is, therefore, unworthy of attention. Glynn was indisputably a man of talent, and fully capable of producing the poem in question. Nor does his not having subsequently displayed his abilities as a poet afford a valid reason to doubt that he was the author of "The Day of Judgment;" many writers having never produced more than a solitary poem. It must be remembered, too, that such accusations as that which is now noticed are by no means of uncommon occurrence in the records of literature. Denham was charged with having borrowed his *Sophy*, and purchased his *Cooper's Hill* of a vicar, for the sum of forty pounds. Allan Ramsay was declared not to be the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and "Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*." Unless supported by a preponderating weight of evidence, such tales, usually the offspring and adopted children of malignity or envy, ought always to be listened to at least with doubt, and not unfrequently with disbelief and contempt. If a ready credence is to be granted to them, no literary character can possibly be safe, and stupidity may, with little trouble, and a sure effect, "feed fat the ancient grudge," which it has ever owed, and ever will owe, to learning and to genius.







Drawn by A.W. Dore.

Engraved by André Cordon.

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THE
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY justice, heavenly King ! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head ; and Vice, that erst
Ranged unreprieved and free, shall sink appalled ;
I sing adventurous.—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthroned he sits
First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds,
Clothed in celestial radiance ! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs ; and in concert loud,
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise ?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unused
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy-lands ; to swim the streams
That through her valleys weave their mazy way ;
Or climb her mountain tops ; yet will I raise
My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world : that Virtue still

May hope her promised crown; that Vice may
dread [own

Vengeance, though late; that reasoning Pride may
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspired into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world, [bards
Where Wickedness shall weep? Why paynim
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Heli's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
The' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why, in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends?
Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners: while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,

No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear :
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer : on she goes
Neglected and forlorn : disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend :
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bower,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice ! For him the' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours ; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine ;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven : of Heaven he never names the name ;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek ; yet honour gilds
His high exploits ; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father ? See'st thou
this,

And wilt thou ne'er repay ? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot ?—Ah ! no ; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscured her beams ; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell ; there sink eclipsed
In penal darkness ; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt
Convoked the' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
The' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.

Then shall the' assembled nations of the earth
From every quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite : Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians, and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks ;
Names famed of old : or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide terrene ; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks ; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied : before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the GOD of All shall see ;
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains ; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons ? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound
turf

Long lay neglected ?—All at once shall rise ;
But not to equal glory : for, alas !
With howlings dire and execrations loud
Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind ;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew ; or they
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood ! How will they curse

The madness of ambition ; how lament
Their dear-bought laurels ; when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them !—Here are
Who sunk an aged father to the grave ; [they
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secured ;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
And at the orphan's bread :—who spent their stores
In selfish luxury ; or o'er their gold,
Prostrate and pale, adored the useless heap.
Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed ;—
Who mix'd the poisonous bowl ; or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship :—And the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in, with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth ; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life ! Vain wish ! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment ! Seek not to know
What punishment ! For that the' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes : and shall vain man,
With curious search refined, presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father ? No : let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths : so shall his meed
Be great in Heaven, so haply shall he 'scape
The' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains,
Stand horribly aghast ? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,

And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain,
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is placed
The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit
Profaned the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst the' impenetrable walls of Heaven
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The arch-apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
In agonies of grief they curse the hour [souls:
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are ranged: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some unmoved
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes
Diffused the gospel's light; some, long immured
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pined;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breathed out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they placed, whose kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judged benevolence,
Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—

Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-loved attribute, adorn'd : whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call ;
Who fed the hungry ; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup ; whose care benign
From the rude blast secured the pilgrim's side ;
Who heard the widow's tender tale ; and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet ;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed heaven-descended Charity.—
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair !
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces ! How shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid ; and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal ?
For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff up with vain conceit : ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream :
While like some blasted trunk the righteous fell,
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no
more,

And this Great Day is come ; thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heaven
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign !

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,

And deluge all creation ? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting the 'ecliptic where the 'unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course ; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb

Attract her long reluctant ; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engendering lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire ; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages ?—Where are now
The ' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars ?—Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument ?—
Tell me where Athens raised her towers ?—Where

Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals ?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion ?—Where imperial Rome
Propt by seven hills, stood like a scepter'd queen,
And awed the tributary world to peace ?—
Show me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Raised by that mighty monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent the ' unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art ? Even Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height,
O'er-hang the ' Atlantic surge : nor that famed cliff,

Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean. Where are now
The Alps that confined with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black-sea to the Ocean-stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyaged o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolved; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,
That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—

No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fixed Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
And magnitude, some winged minister [names
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the faltering strain. O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

..... ' Power supreme!
 O everlasting King! To Thee I kneel,
 To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
 Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heaven,
 Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord!
 Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
 Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him,
 Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
 And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!

VERSES.

TEASE me no more, nor think I care
 Though monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
 Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
 Since Kitty is no longer mine.

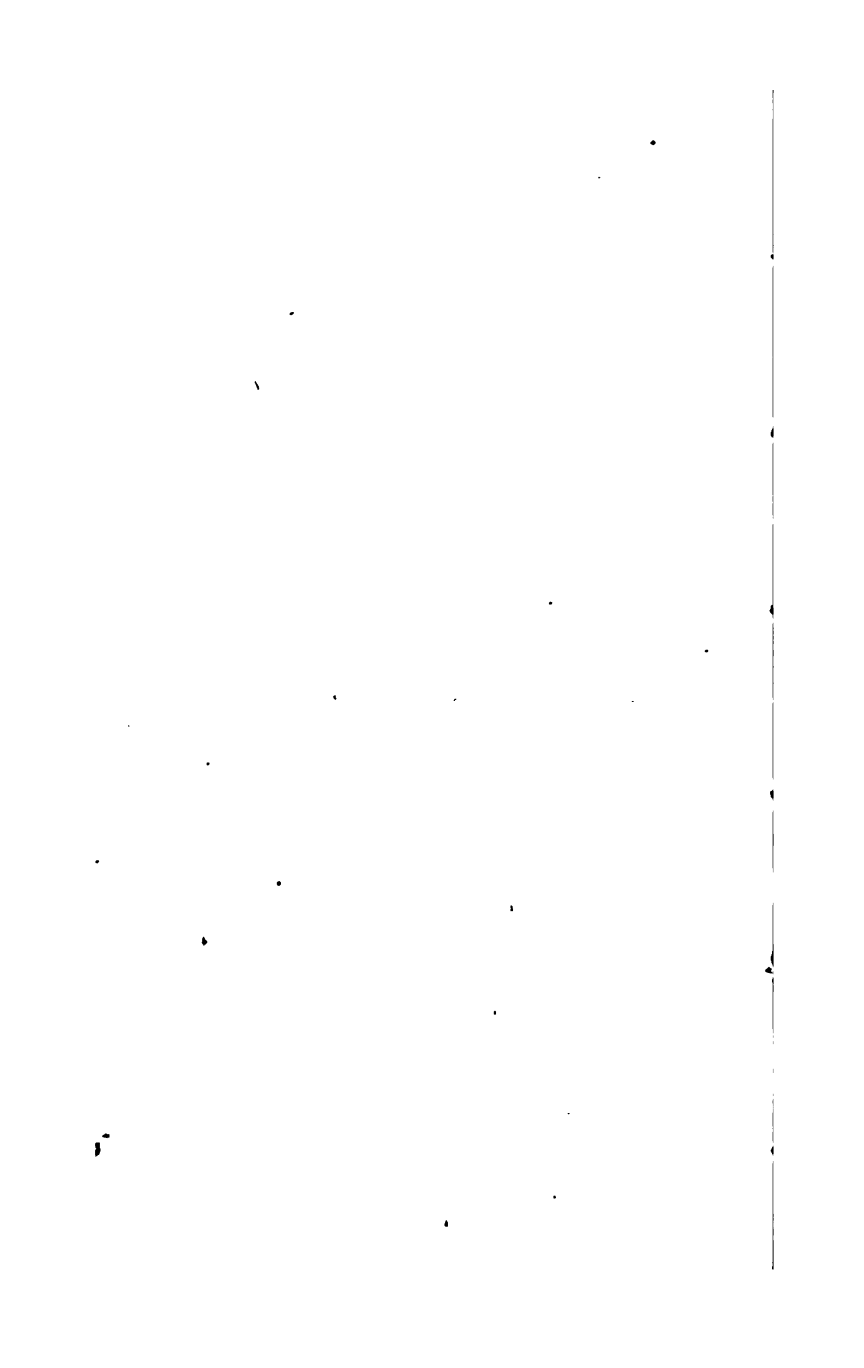
Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
 If my favourite dove be stole,
 Whether its dainty feathers be
 Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
 The rose-bud opens, what care I
 Who the odorous liquid sips,
 The king of bees or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
 Rich in mines of golden ore,
 Dejected see the merchant's crew
 Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoiled to know,
 Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
 Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
 Or wear the stamp of George's face?

THE
POEM
OF
Beilby Porteus, D. D.



THE
LIFE OF BEILBY PORTEUS, D.D.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

BEILBY PORTEUS, the youngest but one of nineteen children, was born in the city of York, on the eighth of May, 1731. His parents, both of whom were descended from respectable families, were natives of Virginia, in which province his father possessed a considerable estate, consisting chiefly of plantations of tobacco. Being somewhat impaired in health, and being likewise laudably anxious to obtain for his offspring a better education than America could then furnish, his father removed, in 1720, to England, and fixed his residence at York. Though the negligence or the knavery of his agents, and his growing expenses, diminished his income to little more than a fourth of what it ought to have been, he, nevertheless, steadily persisted in, and ultimately accomplished, his honourable object.

From a small school at York, where he had been for several years, Beilby, at the age of thirteen, was removed to Rippon, and placed under the tuition of Mr. Hyde, a sensible and learned man, who was ever after gratefully remembered by his pupil. So well did he profit by the instructions of his tutor that, at an earlier age than is usual, he was sent to Cambridge, where he was admitted a sizer at Christ's College.

In mathematical studies, to which, while he was an under-graduate, his attention was chiefly directed, he acquired such a proficiency as to gain for him the situation of tenth wrangler among the honorary degrees of his year. Mathematics, however, did not wholly absorb his time. In 1752, having taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he became a candidate for one of the gold medals, which were given by the chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, as rewards for superior excellence in classic literature. After having passed through the ordeal of a long and rigid examination, he received the second medal, the first being adjudged to Mr., now Baron, Maseres, who was then a student at Clare Hall.

The election of Mr. Porteus to a fellowship of his college, which occurred in the spring of the same year, placed him in the situation which of all others he most coveted; but the joy excited by this event was soon damped by the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and by a severe illness, arising from a cold caught in his hastily travelling into Yorkshire to receive her last blessing. While he was absent, his friends solicited for him the office of Esquire Beadle, which then chanced to become vacant. Though this was an office which he disliked, he accepted it, partly in compliance with the desire of his friends, but, still more, for the purpose of relieving his father from any further expense. At the end of two years, however, he resigned it. The deficiency thus occasioned in his income he made up by taking private pupils, which his established reputation rendered it easy for him to obtain.

Led to enter the church, no less by his own choice than by the wishes of his family, Mr. Porteus took orders at the age of twenty-six; being ordained deacon at Buckden, by the Bishop of Lincoln, and shortly after priest, at York, by Archbishop Hutton. He then returned to Cambridge, where he gained the

Seaton prize for his poem of "Death." The recent decease of his father, whom he deeply lamented, doubtless made this solemn subject peculiarly congenial to his wounded feelings. It is perhaps singular that, in his poem, he has introduced no allusion to this heavy loss, though it was capable of being touched upon with pathetic effect.

The first step in his progress towards that elevation which he at length attained, may be traced to a sermon, preached before the University, in refutation of a profane pamphlet, entitled, "The History of the Man after God's own Heart." By this sermon, his literary and theological character, already eminent, was considerably raised. It procured for him, early in 1762, the appointment of domestic chaplain to Archbishop Secker. In the summer of that year, after having lived happily at college for fourteen years, he quitted it, to reside at Lambeth. During his residence there, he, on the thirteenth of May, 1765, married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Brian Hodgson, Esq. of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. The friendship of the archbishop had already been demonstrated by his presenting Mr. Porteus to a prebend of Peterborough, and he now gave him the two small livings of Rucking and Wittersham, in Kent, which were soon resigned for the more valuable rectory of Hunton, in the same county. Upon the death of Dr. Denne, in 1767, he obtained the rectory of Lambeth, and he then took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. The Commencement Sermon, which he preached upon this occasion, was, though not till some years afterwards, productive of very beneficial consequences. It recommended to the University "to pay a little more attention to the instruction of their youth, especially those designed for orders, in the principles of revealed religion. "I proposed," says he, "that these should have a place allotted to them among the other initiatory studies; that they should

have the same encouragement given to them as all the other sciences; that they should be made an indispensable branch of academical education, and have their full share of academical honours and rewards." The University heard without attending to this judicious advice; but, fortunately, an individual had less apathy. Some extracts from the discourse having, long subsequently, fallen into the hands of Mr. Norris, a gentleman of Norfolk, he endowed a professorship at Cambridge, and also at his death bequeathed a premium, for the purpose of carrying into effect the plan of Dr. Porteus.

In 1768, Dr. Porteus lost his patron, with whom he had lived in habits of close and affectionate intimacy for six years. By the will of the primate he was left joint executor, with his fellow chaplain, Dr. Stinton. To them was also committed the revision and publication of the works of the deceased prelate; a duty which was faithfully performed. The prefixed "Review of the Archbishop's Life and Character," an excellent specimen of biography, was from the pen of Dr. Porteus. Nor did his pious care of the reputation of his friend ever suffer any abatement. Many years after, he promptly stepped forward to vindicate his fame against the calumnies of Lord Orford, and the depreciating remarks of Hurd, whose idolatry of Warburton had led him greatly to undervalue the talents and learning of Secker. It is honourable to him that, while he repelled injustice, he was not, as is too often the case, guilty himself of the same fault which he censured in another; for, while he zealously defended the memory of Secker, he paid due respect to the piety and abilities of Hurd. This is a lesson which, unhappily for the dignity and the interests of literature, very many writers have yet to learn.

After the death of the archbishop, all the time of Dr. Porteus was devoted to his two rectories of

Lambeth and Hunton. The latter, situated near the confluence of the Buelth with the Medway, was his favourite residence, and he has left of it a glowing and almost poetical description. There, surrounded by beautiful scenery, amidst virtuous, polished, and hospitable neighbours, blest in his domestic life, and beloved and revered by his parishioners, he performed all the pastoral duties in an exemplary manner. Nothing was neglected which could in any way conduce to the spiritual and temporal benefit of those who were committed to his care. The winter months were spent at Lambeth, where he displayed equal zeal, and with equal effect. It was to the inhabitants of the latter parish that he addressed his letter on the more religious observance of Good Friday; a tract which has had a far more extensive influence than he ventured to expect.

In 1769 he was appointed chaplain to his majesty. The mastership of the hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, was shortly after given to him, on which occasion he resigned his prebend of Peterborough to Dr. Stanton. He sometimes resided at the hospital; and, with his accustomed benevolence, he improved the condition of the poor brethren, by making a small increase to the salary of each.

Too enlightened to think that because erroneous forms or opinions had long been current they had, therefore, acquired a prescriptive right to remain for ever untouched, Dr. Porteus, about this time, lent his aid to an attempt which will be best described in his own words, "At the close of the year 1772, and the beginning of the next, an attempt," says he, "was made by myself and a few other clergymen, among whom were Mr. Francis Wollaston, Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, and Dr. Yorke, now Bishop of Ely, to induce the Bishops to promote a review of the Liturgy and Articles, in order to amend in both, but particularly in the latter, those

parts which all reasonable persons agreed stood in need of amendment. This plan was not in the smallest degree connected with the petitioners at the Feathers Tavern; but, on the contrary, was meant to counteract that and all similar extravagant projects; to strengthen and confirm our ecclesiastical establishment; to repel the attacks which were at that time continually made upon it by its avowed enemies; to render the seventeenth article on Predestination and Election more clear and perspicuous, and less liable to be wrested by our adversaries to a Calvinistic sense, which has been so unjustly affixed to it; to improve true Christian piety amongst those of our own communion, and to diminish schism and separation, by bringing over to the national church all the moderate and well-disposed of other persuasions. On these grounds, we applied in a private and respectful manner to Archbishop Cornwallis, requesting him to signify our wishes (which we conceived to be the wishes of a very large proportion both of the clergy and the laity) to the rest of the Bishops, that every thing might be done, which could be *prudently* and *safely* done, to promote these important and salutary purposes.

"The answer given by the Archbishop, February 11, 1773, was in these words: "I have consulted severally my brethren the bishops, and it is the opinion of the bench in general, that nothing can in prudence be done in the matter that has been submitted to our consideration."

In this decision Dr. Porteus, of course, acquiesced; though it is manifest, from the tone of his language, that he had doubts of its wisdom. Those doubts might well be entertained. It has been defended on the ground of the danger of change, the impossibility of making such an alteration as should leave no one unsatisfied, and the transcendent abilities of those venerable characters who were

the framers of our Articles and Liturgy. To examine the validity of these reasons may not be improper. That any change may, under some circumstances, be productive of peril, and should, therefore, be resisted, he must indeed be ignorant who does not know; but it yet remains to be proved that, in 1773, there existed circumstances by which such a moderate reform as Dr. Porteus and his friends then called for might be rendered dangerous. That none are to be conciliated, because all cannot be conciliated, is an argument, if so by courtesy it may be named, which is not worthy of being refuted. What would be thought of a sovereign who, assailed on all sides, should refuse to free himself by honourable treaty from a part of his enemies; or of an individual, who should decline to rid himself of three suits of law, because one of his pertinacious opponents persisted in carrying on a fourth? That applause is due to the learning, respect to the opinions, and reverence to the virtues, of the fathers of our church, may cheerfully be granted; but unless, in contradiction to our principles and theirs, we invest them with papal infallibility, we ought not to conclude that every thing which was done by them is so perfect as to be incapable of being amended by succeeding generations. To repose all our confidence on the knowledge of one particular age, and to treat with contempt the accumulated knowledge of the following ages, is the best plan that human ingenuity can devise to dry up the very sources of improvement, and to stop the march of mind.

The talents and piety of Dr. Porteus at length received their due reward; and happy is it for the church when talents and piety like his are so rewarded. Unsolicited for by himself, and almost unexpectedly, he was promoted, on the 20th of December, 1776, to the bishoprick of Chester. The living of Lambeth he might still have retained, but,

fearing that he could not thenceforth attend properly to so large a benefice, his high sense of duty induced him to resign it. In his office of bishop, he was vigilant, active, and zealous; but his vigilance and activity were tempered by benevolence, and his zeal was undebased by intolerance. While he omitted no opportunity of inculcating their duties to the clergy of his diocese, he was equally attentive to the increase of their comforts. Among other proofs which he gave of this, he strenuously exerted himself to establish a subscription for the poorer classes of them; an object in which he at last succeeded. It is well said of him by Mr. Hodgson, that "a very conspicuous feature in his character was the eagerness with which his mind always seized a benevolent object. It was not a mere compliance with judgment. It was not a frigid, dilatory, reluctant charity, extorted by the occasion. On the contrary, I never yet saw any one, who appeared to me to possess in a more exalted degree the true spirit of beneficence. It came warm from the heart, unchecked by cold calculation; whilst the good he did became doubly valuable by his manner of doing it."

One of the benefits which he conferred on his diocese was the promoting the establishment of Sunday schools, in which, after having satisfied himself of their utility, he zealously concurred.

In the attainment of another object, which he had much at heart, and in which humanity as well as religion was deeply interested, he failed, through the strange conduct of those on whom success depended, and who ought to have been eager to ensure it. Anxious to bring about the civilization and conversion of the negroes in the British West Indies, he proposed to the "Society for the propagation of the Gospel" to begin, on their own trust estate in Barbadoes, a regular system of religious instruction. By this means, he hoped that an example would be

set, which virtue or shame would prompt the planters to follow. The plan was referred to a committee, which, after deliberating upon it only four hours, thanked his lordship for "the great pains and trouble which he had taken, but declared that circumstances rendered it at that time unadvisable to adopt it." Thus did a Society, instituted for the sole purpose of diffusing the blessings of Christianity, present to the astonished world the disgraceful and unaccountable phenomenon of refusing, almost without discussion, to extend those blessings to the benighted and unfortunate beings who were subject to their absolute authority.

This failure made a deep and painful impression on the mind of the bishop. He had, however, at a subsequent period, the satisfaction to obtain a chancery decree, by which the rents of an estate of nearly a thousand a year, purchased a century before by a legacy from the great Mr. Boyle, were appropriated, on his suggestion, to the purpose of affording religious instruction to the negroes. He likewise procured missionaries, corresponded with them, and made a selection of such parts of Scripture as were best adapted to the understandings of the blacks. It is painful to relate that his exertions were palsied by the reluctance of the great body of the planters to allow the minds of their slaves to be in any degree enlightened. Perhaps these persons were apprehensive that their character, as Christians, might suffer, if their slaves became acquainted with the divine precept, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

As a spiritual peer, he was attentive to every thing which affected the interests of religion. When, in 1779, the bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters was brought in, he was favourable to it; but, in common with the rest of the bench, he thought it necessary that those who claimed the benefit of the

act should formally acknowledge themselves to be Christians and Protestants, and declare that they made the Scriptures the rule of their faith and practice. A clause to this effect was accordingly inserted.

He was equally friendly to a relaxation of the laws against the English Catholics; and he saw with disgust and abhorrence the proceedings of those real or pretended zealots, who, with the torch and the bludgeon in their hands, and calumnies and invectives in their mouths, persecuted while they declaimed against persecutors, and spread confusion and conflagration through the terrified metropolis. In the meanwhile he was alive to the errors of popery, and did not neglect to guard his flock against them. For this purpose he published a small tract, which placed in a clear light all the points at issue between the Protestant and the Popish churches.

In 1780, he obtained an act for preventing abuses and profanations on the Lord's Day; an act which the formation of various Sunday societies, for debating and other purposes, appeared to him to make indispensably necessary. To put a stop to abuses similar to those against which this act was intended to guard, was, indeed, a prominent object of his care, to the latest moment of his existence. He endeavoured to prevail on the higher classes to act at least more decorously on the Sabbath-day; he firmly remonstrated against public Sunday concerts by professional performers, at the houses of persons of rank; and his last public effort was to obtain an interview with the Prince Regent, to request him to discourage a Sunday meeting of military officers, a request which was readily granted. But, though he wished Sunday to be duly revered, he was not one of those who seek to convert it into a day of lamentation and gloom, and imagine that a smile upon the face of man is an insult to his Creator. On

the contrary, he declared it to be "a festival, a joyful festival, to which we ought always to look forward with delight, and enjoy with a thankful and a grateful heart."

The see of London becoming vacant, by the death of Dr. Lowth, it was conferred on Dr. Porteus, who kissed the king's hand on the 7th of November, 1787. Gratifying as this event was, he quitted with unfeigned reluctance a diocese by all the inhabitants of which he was regarded with love and respect. It was a still harder trial to him to give up the living of Hunton, in the calm seclusion of which he had spent so many happy years, and which so many circumstances conspired to endear to him. "When," says he, "I took my leave of it early in the morning, and cast a parting look on the vale below, (the sun shining gloriously upon it, and lighting up all the beauties of that enchanting scene) my heart sunk within me."

In this new station, with a wider sphere of action and more extensive duties to perform, his exertions were commensurate to the magnitude of his task. He strenuously co-operated as President of the Society for enforcing the king's proclamation against immorality and profaneness; he four times performed the visitation of his diocese, and delivered admirable charges to his clergy; he inculcated the duty of constant residence; he put a stop to simoniacal practices; he improved the condition of the clergy of the metropolis, by procuring an addition to their incomes; he warmly patronized the British and Foreign Bible Society; he encouraged learning and talents, and relieved distress, wherever he found them; he instituted three liberal prizes at Christ's College, Cambridge, to reward good elocution and good composition on religious subjects; and, with a splendid generosity which has not often been equalled, he transferred the sum of 6,700*l.* into the

hands of the four archdeacons of the diocese, as a fund, the interest of which was annually to be distributed, in sums not exceeding twenty pounds, to the poorer clergy of his see. Among the most conspicuous of his efforts in the cause of religion may be reckoned his Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew, which were commenced at St. James's Church, in February, 1798, and continued for four successive years. They were eagerly attended by all classes of society, and it is to be hoped that, in many cases, those who came only to listen to eloquence, went away deeply impressed with the precepts which that eloquence was intended to adorn.

On the 23d of April, 1789, Dr. Porteus, by the king's express command, preached the thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's, on his majesty's recovery.

In 1795 he presented to the king an address from the clergy of his diocese, on the outrage which had recently been offered to his majesty. On this occasion he asserted and established the right of the clergy to present addresses to the king on the throne, instead of presenting them to him at the levee, as, in this instance, he had been desired to do. Though untainted by pride, he did not deem himself at liberty to relinquish any of the rights and privileges of his order. It was this feeling which, at a later period, induced him to refuse to assign any specific reason for declining to confirm as chaplain a person who had been selected by the East India company, but whom he considered to be unfit for the appointment. He was threatened with a mandamus, but he was immovable, and his resistance was successful.

Of his parliamentary duties he was not negligent. He took an active part in support of Sir William Dolben's slave-carrying bill; and at all times was eager to testify his abhorrence of a traffic which he justly termed the most inhuman and detestable that

ever disgraced the Christian world. In 1800, he joined Lord Auckland in the attempt to prevent divorced persons from intermarrying with each other. Whether his arguments on the question of divorce are conclusive, may perhaps be a matter of serious doubt; there can be no doubt of the goodness of his intention. When Sir William Scott's bill was introduced in 1802, the bishop objected to the exemptions as being too numerous, and he suggested a clause, empowering the ordinary to require a resident curate, whenever the incumbent himself was exempted from residence. As it was feared that the clause might risk the safety of the bill, it was thought more advisable to bring it forward as a separate act. This was done by Sir William Scott, who, however, dropped the measure, in consequence of the opposition which was made. But, of so much importance did the bishop think it to be that such a law should exist, that, in 1808, when he was on the verge of the grave, he rallied all his remaining strength to bring it once more into the House, and to urge its adoption. He failed, nevertheless, and this failure he deeply regretted. In 1806 he gave a silent and unfavourable vote on the question of Catholic emancipation. Political power could not, he thought, be conceded to Catholics without endangering the state. Erroneous as this opinion may be, it is one which he conscientiously and deliberately formed.

Fond of rural retirement, which at the episcopal palace he could not enjoy, Dr. Porteus, soon after his elevation to the see of London, purchased a small cottage at Sundridge, in the beautiful vale of the Darent, between Westerham and Riverhead. There he spent a part of the autumnal months of each year. To the poor in the vicinity he soon became known by his diffusive benevolence. In one instance he conferred a benefit of extensive and

permanent effect. The little hamlet of Ide-hill, about two miles from Sundridge, is situated in one of the most picturesque spots in the county of Kent; but at such a distance from the parish church as to prevent attendance upon public worship. The consequence was that the moral character of the inhabitants was at the lowest ebb. To remedy this evil, he built a chapel of ease, and a house for a constantly resident minister, and provided a liberal endowment. Industry, decency, and comfort, have now succeeded to squalid filthiness, idleness, and vice.

The time was now approaching when this venerable man was to rest from his earthly labours. His last sermon was preached at St. George's Church, in 1808, on the birth-day of his seventy-eighth year. A summer's residence at Clifton gave him a transient strength; but nature was too exhausted to be capable of receiving any effectual aid. On the 13th of May, 1809, he expired at Fulham. He died with that freedom from pain, and that tranquillity of mind, which, half a century before, he had prayed might be granted to his departing moments. "Without a pang or a sigh—by a transition so easy," says Mr. Hodgson, "as only to be known by a pressure of his hand upon the knee of his servant who was sitting near him—the spirit of this great and good man fled from its earthly mansion to the realms of peace."

The character of Dr. Porteus, in its various points of view, social, moral, intellectual, and theological, has been drawn by Mr. Hodgson* with an amplitude of detail, and a fidelity of execution, which leave nothing to be wished for. To this character, limited as I am in space, I shall refer the reader. On his poetical character, however, something must here be said. "Perhaps," says Mr. Hodgson, "if

* Life of Bishop Porteus, 8vo. 1811.

he had followed the natural bent of his genius, poetry would have been his favourite pursuit. He saw every thing with a poet's eye; he loved to dwell and expatiate on the wild scenes of nature; his fancy was easily fired, and his affections moved; and he had all that enthusiasm of feeling, which delights in warm and glowing description. As however he had other views in life, he very wisely checked this early impulse, and applied himself to graver studies."

In answer to this it may perhaps be urged, that it was no early impulse which made Porteus a writer of verse, the impulse not having been given till he was near thirty; that the Muse seldom waits till so late a period to visit those whom she adopts; and that, notwithstanding the rash vows which they may have uttered, few if any persons formed to be great poets have ever relinquished all connection with her, after having once been favoured with her smiles. The vows of poets on such occasions have notoriously a near relationship to the proverbial vows of lovers. Nor, indeed, is it an easy achievement to banish the Muse; for of her, as of Death, it may almost be said, that "she will come when she *will* come."

The poem of Death is the only poetical work which Bishop Porteus is known to have produced. Though undoubtedly a composition of merit, it does not entitle its author to stand in the first rank even among the second class of British poets. It owes less to the inspiration of genius than to labour and reading. In the description of the "dread ministers" of Death, he is certainly indebted, as, on a similar subject, Milton is supposed to have been, to "the vision of Piers Plowman." Old Age is introduced by Porteus, as well as by the author of the vision, in company with the numerous band of diseases, as the ally of Death. But, in energy of

language, and distinctness of picture, the latter is superior to the former.

"Age the hoore, he was in the vaw-ward,
And bore the banner before Death, by right he it claimed,"

is far more spirited than

"Foremost Old Age, his natural ally,
And firmeast friend."

The one figure has life and motion, which the other has not. The lazar-house of Milton was also present to the memory of Porteus, while he was composing this part of his poem; the "joint-racking rheums" of the bard of Paradise being obviously the original of the "joint-torturing gout, and ever-gnawing rheum" of the competitor for the Seatonian prize. In the next paragraph, he seems likewise to have borne in mind a passage of the tenth book of the Paradise Lost, in which Adam expostulates with his Creator for having called him into existence. Instances might easily be adduced, in which ideas have been borrowed, no doubt unconsciously, from other poets.

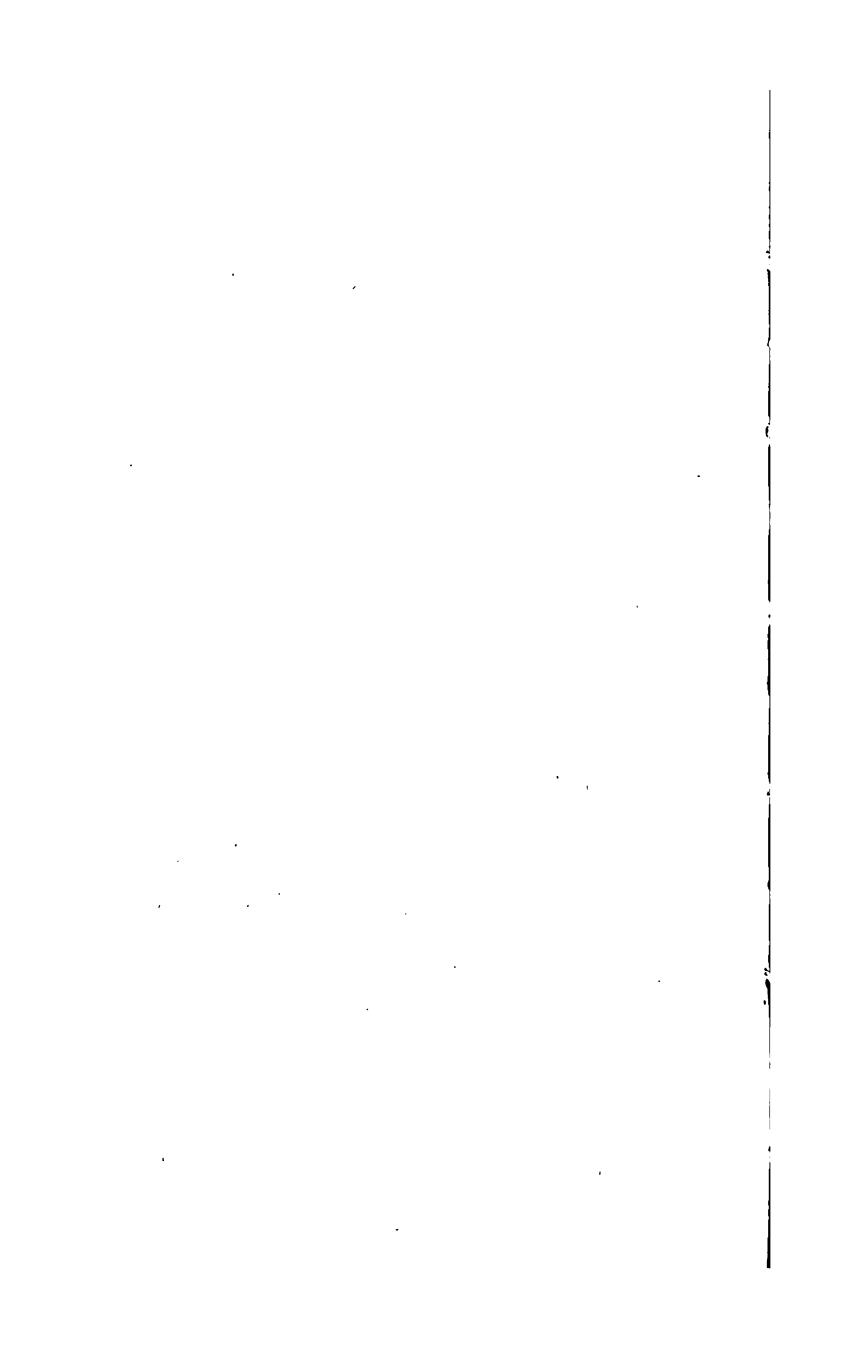
In his blank verse he does not show himself to have been possessed of a delicately musical ear. There is in it no artful variety of pause, no peculiarly happy choice and collocation of well-sounding words. A redundant syllable is sometimes introduced, but, instead of adding a grace to the metre, it generally burthens it, and impedes its progress.

With respect to the poem as a whole, though I must dissent from the judgment of his nephew, Mr. Hodgson, that "as a juvenile performance there are few superior;" I readily admit that, generally speaking, "it displays correctness of taste, combined with a sublimity of thought, and a power and justness of expression;" and this is no despicable praise, even

without adding, as he has done, "which have seldom been exhibited in the first effusions of poetry."

The poem, however, can scarcely be considered as a juvenile performance; for at the period when it was written the author had nearly attained his twenty-eighth year; long before which age several of our greatest poets gave to the world some of their finest works. The correctness of the assertion, that few better poems have been written so early in life, may also well be disputed, when, among many other instances, we remember that Milton wrote his exquisite *Mask of Comus* at the age of twenty-six; Pope his *Rape of the Lock* when he was only three-and-twenty; and Akenside his *Pleasures of the Imagination* at the same age. But in the praise bestowed by a grateful and affectionate relative on the abilities of so good and highly-gifted a man as Bishop Porteus, some excess of warmth is rather to be admired as a virtue, than pardoned as a fault.

Those parts of the poem which appear to me to rise above the rest are the description of the cave of Death, in which the figure of Palsy "half-warm with life, and half a clay-cold lump," is the most happily touched of the group; the picture of the venerable patriarch, "who guileless held the tenor of his way;" the severely-pointed censure on ambitious princes, which so often has been, and always will be, quoted; and, lastly, the thirty concluding lines, in which the dignity of the religious sentiment is not inadequately sustained by the spirit of the verse, and by the force and elegance of the language.



DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death ! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause,
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death !—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Laved by oblivion's listless stream, and fenced
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthroned.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store ; around him ranged
In terrible array, and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend : next him, diseases thick

A motley train; fever with cheek of fire;
 Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life,
 And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing gout,
 And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild;
 Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex
 Full-gorged.—There too the pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
 Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when [wand,
 By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon
 Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
 And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
 Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
 Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make
 This creature, man? Why wake the' unconscious
 To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
 Still had he slept in uncreated night,
 If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
 Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
 The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
 Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
 For this dominion given him absolute
 O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
 Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good
 Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill
 Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
 The impious thought! God never made a creature
 But what was good. He made a living man:
 The man of death was made by man himself.
 Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
 Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
 No fear of death, no check to his desires, [stood
 Save one command. That one command, (which

Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,) Urged on by wanton curiosity He broke.—There in one moment was undone The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit, Unbarr'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin And Death, and all the family of Pain, To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw The monstrous crew, and shook through all her Then fled her new-born lustre, then began [frame; Heaven's cheerful face to lour, then vapours choked The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds To hide the willing sun. The earth, convulsed With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast, That wont before with admiration fond To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him, Now fled before his face, shunning in haste The' infection of his misery. He alone Who justly might, the' offended Lord of man, Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity, Forsook not in this uttermost distress His best-loved work. That comfort still remain'd, (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction) The countenance of God, and through the gloom Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm The' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Heaven,
Upraised his drooping head, and show'd afar A happier scene of things; the promised seed Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest, Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave Made pervious to the realms of endless day, No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to a punishment; (yet even in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard 150
Against disease and Death.—Death, though de-
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounced,
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-lived sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; labour prepared
His simple fare, and temperance ruled his board.
Tired with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure.
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run [strength,
His destined course. Thus nerved with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arrived, he stood,
And looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of time was man;

So calm was life, so impotent was death.
O, had he but preserved those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he lived
Great even in ruin, though fallen, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough,
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out

New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death ! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great GOD of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar ;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd ? Would health, and strength,
and youth,
Defy his power ? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war ?—Alas !
Even in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury ; war its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands : in the 'embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not even there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in the 'intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course ;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand ; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance ! O happier far

To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.

Yet die even thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by the' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st ranged
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair,
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compared with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plungest into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops the' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepared, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away
By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern

With innocence to live, with patience wait
The' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course; but Nature's GOD,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,
Roused by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreant pours destruction down!
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes [peace,
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept [youth
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps

Promiscuous drop : no friend, no refuge near ;
All, all is false and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But, ah ! what means that ruinous roar ? Why fail
These tottering feet ?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave : not even a widow left
To wail her sons : the house that should protect,
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn,
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious

Heaven,

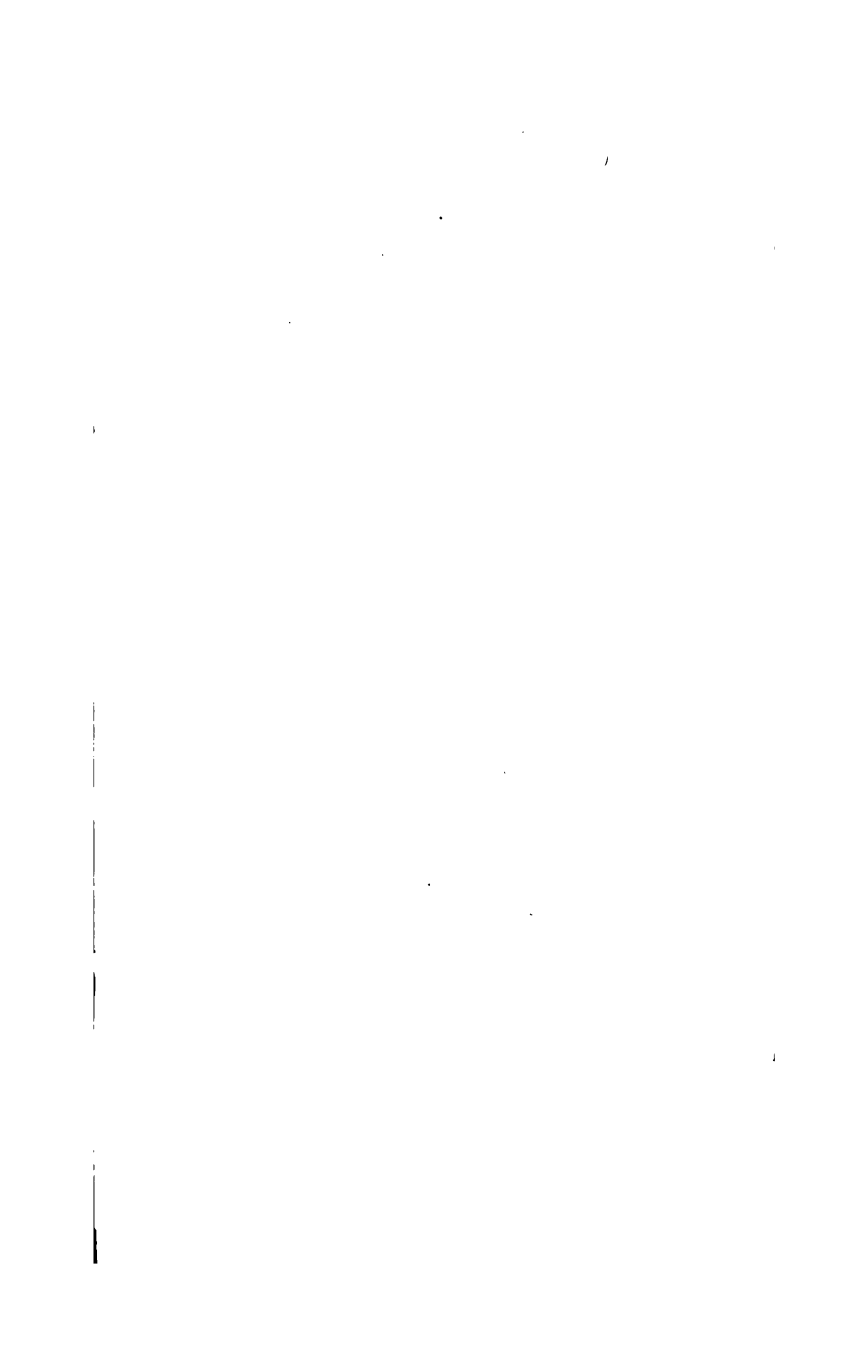
O snatch me from destruction ! if this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray ;
If my own mother-earth from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly ?
Where look for succour ? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father ? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these !—At thy good time
Let Death approach ; I reckon not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next ;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown, 25
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings

To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edged torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead,
Let cheerful memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die:—
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thralldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

FINIS.

C.
Ow:

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.



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